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THE
LAY
OF
THE WILDERNESS.
A POEM,
IN FIVE CANTOS;



BY
A NATIVE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.



"Hast thou been in the woods with the honey bee?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild?
With the butterfly over the heath?"

MRS. HEMANS.



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1833.

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CHICAGO

THE CASE

The present composition comprised in the following pages is the spontaneous production of a native of New Brunswick. Most of the incidents related therein, are literally true, and are still fresh in the recollection of many now residing in the Province. These, as well as the former scenery, so familiar to the eye of every American, a description of which the author has attempted to give, it is hoped will prove agreeable to those who may be induced to devote a portion of their leisure hours to a perusal of the work.

Our Provincial Press having repeatedly recommended a more frequent display of the energies of the various branches of society, in attempts similar to the one now undertaken, and having promised to extend its aid, and render due encouragement to "Native Talent," is a circumstance which has greatly induced the writer of these lines to present

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PREFACE.

THE poetical composition comprised in the following pages, is the spontaneous production of a native of New-Brunswick. Most of the incidents related therein, are literally true, and are still fresh in the recollection of many now residing in the Province. These, as well as the forest scenery, (so familiar to the eye of every American,) a description of which the author has attempted to give, it is hoped, will prove agreeable to those who may be induced to devote a portion of their leisure hours to a perusal of the work.

Our Provincial Press having repeatedly recommended a more frequent display of the energies of the younger branches of society, in attempts similar to the one now undertaken, and having promised to extend its aid, and render due encouragement to "Native Talent," is a circumstance which has greatly induced the writer of these lines to present

them to the public eye, with a degree of confidence, inspired also by a recollection of the moral and intellectual community, for whose reading they were more particularly designed. Trusting, however, that should this first attempt fail in having the tendency to please, or to impart instruction, all classes will cordially unite in treating with a suitable degree of tenderness the offering of the author.

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INTRODUCTION.

BLEST scenes of early life, I love thee still !
How dear in mem'ry is each vernal scene,
The combinations sweet, which crown'd *Springhill*,
Where oft, in happy childhood, I have been :
The cress-lin'd brook—the closely shaded lane—
The rural path that wound around rock D—,
The rustic bower, that overlook'd the plain—
Press forward, on delighted memory.
Rock D—! our favorite seat, where oft we sung,
And woke the echo in the neighb'ring wild,
Or laugh'd so loudly, that the welkin rung,
Or with some harmless sport our time beguil'd.
We felt in duty bound, when evening came,
To dance upon rock D—'s smooth surface round,
Or made us merry, with some rural game,
Accomp'n'd by the flute's soft thrilling sound ;
Scarce were we conscious, when night veil'd the
So eagerly engag'd were we with play, [scene,
Till the broad moon arose with face serene,
And lit the drops that trembled on each spray ;

Then flash'd conviction on each youthful heart,
That 'twas unwise to trifle thus with health.
The glitt'ring dew was signal to depart,
And each the pastime left, as if by stealth;
And sweet, surpassing sweet, in mem'ry still,
Are those delightful summer afternoons :
A dreamy smoke mov'd lazily, at will,
Or hung in air, in fanciful festoons,
Or rested on the hills, in soft repose,
And gave the mountain a cerulean hue,
Blending its highest peak, at evening's close,
With the warm, summer's sky, of heav'nly blue.
Far in the wild were heard the mellow notes
Of distant songsters, when soft eve was nigh ;
'Twas sweet, to list the music of their throats,
And sweet, to gaze on forest scenery.
Dear in my mem'ry too, the playful scene,
That grac'd PRESQUE ISLE,—and gave it busy life ;
Once its clear'd fields were rob'd in lively green,
Where peace, triumphant reign'd—nor known was
strife.

Presque Isle—no more, and out post, is survey'd,
On thy high banks—thy scenes, alas ! are chang'd :
Gone is thy garrison—thy smooth parade,
Thy barracks gone, which 'long thy heights once
rang'd,—

Gone is thy worthy commandant, who held,
 In undisturb'd command, thy station long ;
 'Twas there, his daughter, lov'd Eliza, dwell'd,
 My earliest friend, to whom no vice belong.
 Gone, are the men once station'd on thy brow :
 No military cares their peace destroy'd.
 In my mind's eye, I see their gardens now,
 In which, their hours were pleasantly employ'd.
 Thy guard-house, too, is levell'd with the earth,
 That once gave shelter to an aged crone.
 She, whom a century had not robb'd of mirth,
 She twirl'd her rock, and sang "of days" by gone.
 There *Mary* "lilted" oft, a lively strain,
 While, full of life, we tripp'd it round and round.
 The ancient dame would flourish her high cane,
 And laugh'd to see us skip, and gayly bound.
 Then, would we leave her, when our dance was o'er,
 To ramble thro' the fields to Poplar Grove,
 Or saunter'd down thy road towards thy shore,
 Or up along thy brawling stream would rove.
 Sweet grove of poplars ! where the balmy breeze
 Trill'd softly thro' thy rustling foliage green ;
 The robin caroll'd loudest 'mong thy trees,
 And added sweetness to the rural scene ;
 My memory there delights to wander still,
 Calls up the blissful hours I there have pass'd,

Perchance when seated on some rising hill,
Where oft we chatted long, and loud, and fast,
From whence, I, at a distance, oft have view'd,
MARS' HILL, which rises on *disputed ground*,
Clad in the foliage of its native wood,
That shades the deer, which on its sides abound.
Long previous to my birth, Presque Isle had been
A place of some importance—where the young,
Or veteran soldiers, were in numbers seen;
But they had gone—had left their deeds unsung—
Yes, they were gone—save where a lonely grave
Still mark'd the spot,—that grave a warrior rest !
There, 'mid the poplars, slept the veteran brave,
While o'er his head, the robin built its nest.
Now, crumbling into dust, and scarce perceiv'd,
His monument of wood neglected lies, [griev'd,
O'er which, perhaps, some faithful friend once
And nam'd his virtues o'er, with tearful eyes;
Ah, little did he think 'twould be his lot,
When first to thee, Presque Isle, he smiling came,
How few the years when he would be forgot,
There leave his friends, his honors, and his fame.
There, too, the infant sleeps beneath the sod,
Its tiny grave scarce rising to the view,
Its soul is with its Saviour and its God,
For nought of sinfulness it ever knew.

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A melancholy oft stole o'er my mind, [drawn—
When near those graves, my footsteps have been
In on decaying slabs, some name would find,—
Since then, the *Out Post*, all in all, is gone.
Yet, once I hail'd with joy the promis'd day,
When I my friends would meet on Presque Isle hill,
I'd leave my home, and carol on my way,
And make my visit with a right good will.
My own lov'd home was some four miles, or more,
Below Presque Isle, hard by the river side;
'T were needless now to count its beauties o'er,
Tho' of the country round it was the pride;
'Tis strange, tho' far remote, or wild, the scene,
We hold as sacred, and revere the spot,
Where we in playful infancy have been,
And never, by us, can it be forgot:
Howe'er insensible my heart may be
To other objects, 'tis alive to this,
Holds dear the land of my nativity,
Although surrounded by a wilderness;
'Twas where the dawn of intellect first broke
Upon my infant mind, amid the wild—
'Twas where, to nature's charms, I first awoke,
And fix'd my heart on them while yet a child;
And yet, were I to sketch my native land,
Too deep a shade of foliage might be seen,

As trees must, on its foreground thickly stand,
 And its back ground, a *wilderness*, of green;
 Its minor beauties, scarcely could be drawn,
 To give relief—unless minutely view'd,
 The eye would wander o'er the leafy lawn,
 Or towards the more majestic, darksome wood.
 And few there be, who feel an interest dear,
 In paintings, where a forest stands in view,
 Associating wilds, with something drear,
 Of which they may have heard, but never know.
 'Twere well, if, peradventure, I could find
 A more explicit mode of making known
 The properties, with varied charms combin'd,
 Peculiar to my native land alone.
 A thought has struck me—I its worth will sing:
 NEW-BRUNSWICK! I to thee my strains address,
 Nor scorn the measure of my offering,
 But list my LAY of this, thy WILDERNESS!

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THE
LAY OF THE WILDERNESS.

YEARS are revolving o'er thy hills and dales,
Thy lakes, thy rivers, and thy winding vales;
Health, peace, and competence, to thee belong,
A thousand sweets are thine, unknown in song;
Yet none essay, thy virtues to proclaim,
And few, New-Brunswick, know thee e'en by name.
Thy natives' legends, too, are passing by,
Of plumed warriors, and their maidens' sigh;
Tradition scarce upholds their chieftains' feats,
Or points the dells, of ambush'd foes' retreats;
These, with thy worth, are still unknown to those
Who in the arms of ignorance seek repose.

I.

Then will *I* carol forth what bounteous heav'n,
Besitting thy cold clime, hath kindly giv'n;
I'll twine a garland of thy choicest sweets,
And sing the fragrance of thy wild retreats;

Each flow'r that in thy native forests blooms,
 Shall o'er my garland shed its sweet perfumes,
 Till I unfold the beauty of thy wilds,
 Nor fear the heartless critics' envious smiles.

II.

I'll sing thy worth and comforts, to the man
 Who pines away his life, without a plan,
 Pursued by penury—with scarce a home—
 Ah! what a field is here, would he but come:
 Here reap reward of toil, and busy care,
 And of thy many blessings, claim a share,
 And famine, know no more—could aught in life
 Augment his peaceful joys,—for here no strife
 Disturbs the mind of father, or of son,
 Here no illegal broils are ever known;
 Our hearts are loyal, as our minds are free,
 Nor own we such a class as *tenantry*:
 In thee, New-Brunswick, on thy thousand hills,
 Or on thy level, broad, rich intervalles,
 A *landlord's due*, ne'er stints the humble board,
 Each farmer here, "Free, happy, his own lord!"

III.

Remote, I'll own, thou art; yet hast thou stood
 Coeval with the world, and GOD PRONOUNC'D
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When deadly feuds distracted the old world,
 And all the ills of war were on aurl'd,
 Thy wilds were tranquil, thy majestic trees
 Waved in proud triumph to the passing breeze;
 Ev'n when America was yet unknown,
 The *Indian* lov'd thee—thought thee all his own,
 The virtue of each root and bark he knew,
 That in thy wilds, or 'long thy rivers grew;
 Thy fish, thy venison, his wants supplied,—
 Nor were thy free-born natives void of pride:
 Wise in their laws—their customs; truly free
 From all restraints, save chaste propriety,
 Their filial love unrivall'd—ev'ry art
 They used, to soothe or cheer the aged heart;
 Health visited each village, dress'd in smiles,
 And sweet contentment dwell'd amid thy wilds;
 Hard by some limpid stream, or shaded rill,
 They rang'd their wig-wams carelessly at will,
 Where rose the chieftain's camp above the rest,
 Towards which the stranger forward boldly press'd,
 Nor turn'd his haughty eye on those around,
 When he the wig-wam of the chief had found,
 Nor heeded the Papposes' idle stare,
 Who look'd the whys and wherefores he came there,
 For curiosity, since the time of *Eve*,
 Dwells in each clime, to every grade will cleave.

IV.

Thy natives' cares were light, at will would they
 Join in the hunt, or slumber thro' the day,
 Or, round their wig-wam's fire in silence sate,
 To list their aged Sannups' long debate,
 When many legendary tales were told,
 Of Indian lovers, and of warriors bold.
 Those scenes are pass'd: thou wast by *Cabot* found,
 And England took possession of thy ground;
 Tho' not before the Missionaries came
 And taught thy natives to revere the name
 Of the Redeemer—made them kiss the rod,
 And bow their heads before a living God:
 From France they came—in pious zeal they vied
 With others, in a softer clime employ'd,
 Where Pagans learn'd to love His holy word.

V.

For France then claim'd thee—hence a little band
 Of her gay people, visited thy land;
 They, in thy pleasant places, hamlets rear'd,
 And partially thy wilds by them were clear'd,
 Light-hearted, they enjoy'd thy rural scenes,
 And tripp'd it blithely to their violins,
 And, as their custom is, kept off dull care,
 By music, social chat, and debonair;

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But soon the sprightly Frenchmen lost their claims,
Raz'd were their hamlets, slaughter'd, too, their
— dames ;
The strongest fled ; few, now, remain to tell
What was the fate of those they lov'd so well.

VI.

Then did thy name, New-Brunswick, glimmer
forth ;
By slow degrees, was first made known thy worth ;
'Twas bruited round that goodly was thy land,
Thy soil productive, thy resources scann'd,
Thy banks, thy islands, fring'd with lofty elms,
A region fit to vie with other realms ;
Advent'ers came, thy forests to explore,
From Col'nies planted 'long the western shore,
From whence the needy farmer left his home,
To reap rich harvests from thy gen'rous loam,
Urg'd by a wish to call a farm his own,
More genial to his mind than honors of a crown.

VII.

Then speculative traders came in scores
To barter with thy natives for their furs ;
They brought the silver cross, the sainted bead,
Those intercessors for the impious deed ;

And many fortunes were then briefly made,
 By those engag'd in that most gainful trade—
 A traffic, which this period scarce can claim—
 Little is left thy natives, save their name.

VIII.

Thy land was then like to Adullam cave,
 Which to the son of *Jesse*, shelter gave—
 A kind asylum, offer'd to all such,
 In debt, distress'd, or righteous over much;
 The disappointed sought retiremeut here,
 Far from the object of their hate or fear,
 And far from all, too oft, they held most dear.

IX.

Among the throng that to thy Province hurried,
 Was one of gentle birth, and he was married
 To her he lov'd, and no domestic strife
 Had e'er been known to vex their blissful life;
 He was good humor'd, social, yet refin'd;
 Good sense and piety adorn'd her mind;
 One beauteous pledge had added to their bliss,
 They had but one, nor ask'd for more than this:
 A daughter, lovely as the morning star,
 When first in orient skies it's seen afar.

Scarce sixteen summers' wind her cheek had fann'd,
 Light was her joyous heart, her manners bland,
 Her voice unrivall'd by the "feather'd band."
 Good were the precepts which her mother taught,
 Who stor'd her mind with every virtuous thought;
 Her lessons o'er, she gaily rambled forth,
 To chase the butterfly, in sportive mirth,
 And from thy wilds she culled the fairest flow'r,
 To deck herself, and ornament her bow'r.

X.

Oft would the bird dart thro' the summer's calm,
 To sip the honey from the scented balm,
 Then would she stand, scarce breathe, and cease to
 To list the music of its humming wing, [sing,
 As round it wheel'd, uncertain where to choose,
 Displaying tints of rich prismatic hues,
 On which her mind, and soft expressive eye,
 Were fix'd, as if spell-bound by sorcery:
 For beauty in the plumage of its breast,
 Of all the feather'd tribe it stands confest.

XI.

Sweet bird, thou lov'st our Northern clime—'tis here,
 When summer smiles, thou choos'est to appear;

Young Julia lov'd thee, and oft watch'd when
 Her garden flow'rs attracted thee again, [speed,
 To taste their sweets—quicker than thought thy
 Darting thro' fragrant wilds, or flow'ring mead,
 Unconscious of the charm, the magic spell,
 The stedfast gaze of her, who lov'd to dwell
 Where nature, with her blest, untiring charms,
 Delights the eye, the feeling bosom warms.

XII.

For hours, would Julia contemplate the scene
 Of distant hills, where vallies intervene.
 The hum of bees, amid the noonday's heat,
 The low of herds, the lambs' shrill, plaintive bleat,
 The sound of woodman's axe, the brawl of streams,
 The farmers' voices, urging on their teams—
 The clang of cow-bells, on the distant hills,
 Fell on her listening ear at intervals.
 Fill'd with delight, she oft stood musing long
 Upon the sweet variety of song,
 That issued from thy wilds;—on flow'rs that bless
 Thy waving forest, with their loveliness,
 Entranc'd she gaz'd—examin'd every hue
 And form of every leaf that met her view,
 Trac'd the soft pencil touch of Him who gave
 Light, life, and impulse, and the pow'r to save,

when In the unfolding buds of flow'rs, minute,
 [speed, Yet uniform, exact, in either shoot,
 ought thy So delicately shaded—lines so small,
 g mead, As scarce perceptible, yet perfect all.

XIII.

Each blossom, thus examin'd, Julia bound
 Into a wreath, with which herself she crown'd ;
 Then, full of life, her gay, elastic mind
 Broke the enchantment, which around it twin'd,
 In youthful glee, her wreath away would fling,
 And wake the echo with her carolling ;
 Or climb the hills, or wander thro' the glade,
 Or trace the rivulet, where the white cascade
 Mimick'd the thunders of the cataract's roar,
 In deep ravine, by cedars shaded o'er ;
 There Julia often stray'd—an island rock
 Had ages rested, and withstood the shock,
 The threat'ning menace of the waters' pour,
 Of gurgling rapids round its flinty shore—
 In this smooth rock, in gay or pensive mood,
 Counting the dancing bubbles, oft she stood,
 Where sung her sweetest lays, tho' they were lost
 In the hoarse brawling of the brook she cross'd ;
 She heard not her own voice, tho' loud her call,
 All sounds were noiseless, near the water-fall :

'Thus thro' the summer were her leisure hours
Spent in like rambles, or in wreathing flowers.

XIV.

When autumn came, enrob'd in varied hues,
Loaded with ripen'd grain, and fruit profuse,
'Twas then, along the gently sloping bank,
Where spikenard grew, abundantly, and rank,
And butter-nut, in wild luxuriance grew,
Its clustering, creamy nut, to tempt the view,
Hung high in air; and there red cherries, wild,
And purple grapes, 'mid leaves and tendrils smil'd,
Hazels and haws, and thousand nameless fruit,
Each dress'd in autumn's variegated suit;
These, simple all, such as New-Brunswick yields,
All grew spontaneous, in the open fields,
Or close beside the winding, brush-wood fence,
Or 'long the vale, or on an eminence;
Julia, to gather these, would nimbly pass
Thro' bushes wild, or thro' the highest grass;
She knew none else, her ign'rance made her blest,
The fruit of softer climes she ne'er possess'd,
Nor sigh'd for grapes of Shirauz, which excel,
Nor pomgranates on which the Scriptures dwell,
So fragrant, luscious, delicately nice,
That Persians call them "fruit of Paradise;"

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Content with what she had, nor e'er desired,
 Nor thought of foreign fruit—'twas not required
 By her—a child of nature—scarcely less,
 Was modest violet of the wilderness.

XV.

With artless carols, she through fields would seek
 The ripened fruit, or with a glowing cheek,
 Shook off the butter-nut, the squirrels claimed,
 And with shrill chidings, her intrusion blam'd,
 Oftimes with Julia, they would e'en dispute,
 Which should obtain the largest share of fruit,
 Would leap from bough to bough, then rest a while,
 And pertly scan their rivals envied pile,
 Then frisk along the far out-spreading limb,
 There sit, to crack a nut, with air so prim,
 Or look around with such a saucy eye,
 As seem'd to charge her with monopoly.

XVI.

The striped squirrels never leave the ground,
 To gain their winter store; the fields around
 Of barley, wheat or Indian corn, or rye,
 Nor afford them plentiful supply.
 With most unweari'd perseverance, they
 In trunks of hollow trees, their hoards convey,

From each ripe kernel the embryo sprout,
 Instinctive nature bids them to take out,
 Else would their treasur'd wheat, or barley grow,
 In their warm store-rooms hous'd from rain and
 SNOW.

XVII.

Nature is wise, her dictates all are good,
 Whence all created beings are endow'd
 With some rare gift, peculiarly their own,
 How to secure, and how to let alone.
 And points to all whate'er their nature needs ;
 The dreaded scorpions and centipedes,
 Howe'er disgusting, venomous, or rude,
 Alike share in her kind sollicitude :
 O'er laws instinctive, man has no control,
 'Tis one great power that regulates the whole.

XVIII.

Thanks to our northern clime, from reptiles vile
 We have no fear ;—'tis nought but *honest toil*
 That weighs upon our minds, creating care ;
 Still we prefer our cool salubrious air,
 To thee, Jamaica, and thy neighboring isles,
 Where summer triumphs with bright vernal smiles
 Where pines, banana, oranges, and limes,
 And each delicious fruit of tropic climes,

There grow spontaneous, guavas, citrons, all,
 And cocoa trees magnificently tall;
 Nature there wantons in luxurious sweets,
 Here cultivated sugar cane, too, greets
 The strangers eye—there, too, the manchineal,
 From whose dread poison there is no appeal,
 Yet beautiful and tempting to the view,
 Its fruit deceitful hangs in richest hue;
 Yet who, Jamaica, envies thee thy charms?
 O'er all thy beauties, reptiles creep in swarms:
 A frightful drawback this, a loathsome pest,
 With all thy thousand sweets, thou art not blest.

XIX.

Permit me then, to sketch our seasons, where
 Each forms an epoch in the varied year:
 Spring first adorns it with a wreath of flow'rs,
 Amid budding groves, or lawns, or scented bow'rs.
 Then ripening summer smiles o'er hill and plain,
 And the young fruit come forth, and swells the grain;
 Then autumn follows, clad in gorgeous dyes,
 With royal robes her gay apparel vies,
 While o'er the landscape throws her mantle sheen,
 Richly reliev'd, and interspersed with green,
 Till fading all her tints to sober grey,
 She sighs farewell, and weeps herself away;

Like to fair novice or religious maid,
 In greatest pomp and splendour is array'd.
 Emblem of worldly vanity is this,
 Which she must leave to seek for higher bliss,
 Puts on a humble garb of sombre hue,
 And bids the social world a long adieu.

XX.

Now sounds the voice of winter in the breeze,
 And strips the faded foliage from the trees.
 The leaves ride on the wind, or lightly bound,
 And flit in eddying whirls along the ground.
 A russet mantle o'er the earth is spread,
 And groves and forests wild, are carpetted.
 The trees dismantled, wait the coming snow,
 The wind now whistles through each leafless bough.
 The birds migrate to warmer climes, in haste,
 And leave to sleet and snow, the lonely waste;
 Then comes old Boreas, blustering, from the north,
 Yet Julia, wrapp'd in fur, would venture forth,
 And, laughing, face the gale which keenly blew,
 Till her young cheeks assumed a scarlet hue;
 With step elastic, lightly press'd the snow,
 Which rested on the hills, and vales below,
 Mantling the leafless trees, and mountains height,
 In winter's fleecy robe of dazzling white;

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When rivers, lakes, and streams, are frozen o'er,
 With bright, transparent ice, from shore to shore,
 reckless of danger, then, the throng on skates,
 Of giddy youth, displaying dext'rous feats ;
 They o'er the surface smooth, then swiftly glide
 Where tim'rous girls are ev'n afraid to slide,
 Still they in crowds, assemble on the ice,
 And round each group, the skaters in a trice,
 Circle about, with graceful, easy air,
 To win the approbation of the fair.
 Porchance some youth betrays a secret flame,
 By carving on the ice, his fav'rite's name.
 Her timid steps he chides with soften'd voice,
 And gently guides her o'er the slipp'ry ice.
 But soon, the snow, comes hustling down amain,
 And hides, in wreathy folds, the slipp'ry plain.
 This stays the agile striplings' favorite sport,
 Then sleighs and sledges are their next resort.

XXI.

Thus in this dreary season of the year,
 Both snow with out-door pastimes interfere.
 Though, sometimes, it is pleasurable, too,
 To swiftly glide in sleighs, from view to view.
 The dazzling snow then kindly lends us aid,
 And we to friends are rapidly convey'd,

The music of the bells augments our glee;
For they, of course, then bear us company.

XXII.

Pleas'd with the sound of bells, the horse appears,
He curves his neck, and proudly points his ears;
And champs the bit, impatient of delay,
Till o'er the glistening snow he bears the sleigh.
The jingling necklace, cheers the gen'rous steed,
And gives him spirit to increase his speed;
The fur-clad traveller, swiftly glides along;
The merry bells, with their incessant song,
Beguile the tedious hours, and wear away
The dreary distance in a stormy day.

XXIII.

But when a friend, o'er treacherous ice must roam
Yet name the day, when he will be at home.
Should unforeseen occurrences delay
His coming, and procrastinate his stay,
Ah, then, what sad conjecture fills the mind
Of the expectant friends he left behind:
Baffled their hope, and tortured with suspense;
How oft they wander to some eminence, [ground
Where chill'd with standing on the snow-clad
They list his bells, to them a well-known sound,

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When at a distance heard—what heartfelt joy,
 Seizes upon their souls, without alloy;
 They rush to meet their friend, with open arms,
 To hear the news, and tell of their alarms;
 Then hast'ning to prepare a warm repast,
 Relate the anxious hours, they each have pass'd.
 The fire is then renewed—the cheerful blaze,
 Which gains the smiling menial ample praise,
 Sheds its warm influence round the social hearth.
 The shivering traveller feels, and owns its worth;
 Home's blest endearments, then seem doubly dear,
 He knows the friends around him are sincere;
 To them, recounts his pleasures, more or less,
 Yet owns "no place like home," for happiness.
 Then closer to the fire, his chair he draws;
 Again, he gives the menial great applause:
 Pleas'd with his welcome home, his journey passed,
 He, for a while, forgets the wintry blast.

XXIV.

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But can the suffering poor e'er well forget
 The mis'ry winter brings, nor e'er regret
 That they are subject to his rigid reign,
 And of his freezing influence ne'er complain?
 Thy charms are few, dread season of the year,
 Thine aspect cold, forbidding, and severe;

All cheering rays thy frozen smiles deride,
 Save the irradiance of a warm fireside.
 Ev'n round the blazing hearth, we hear thy voice
 Thou revel'st in the blast—in storms rejoice;
 Thy rage is pitiless, thy fury hurls,
 And sweeps the snow in drifts, and eddying whirls
 Wide o'er the naked plain, thy frosty breath
 Condemns, without remorse, to certain death;
 The wretch who shiv'ring stands within thy gates
 For mercy sues, yet nought thy ire abates,
 Till down thy victim falls, before thy blast,
 And 'mid thy chilling snow, he breathes his last.

XXV.

We know thee well, stern winter, and prepare
 To meet thee, at all points, with special care;
 To our necessities, the ocean yields
 Her finny tribe—the produce of our fields,
 With studied care, is safely hoarded by—
 Prepare for winter, is our signal cry.

XXVI.

So, near the Pole, the hardy Esquimaux,
 From icy shores, the weighty Walrus draw:
 With limbs benumb'd, they gain by urgent toil,
 Their winter's food—the frozen flesh and oil.

eride, When thus secur'd, the rancid, loathsome meat,
 For these (scarce human) savages to eat,
 ar thy voice, Through months of night, while frigid winter reigns,
 rejoice; When earth and sea are bound in frozen chains.
 Then for a house, with blocks of snow, they build
 dying whirls Their winter's fabric—piece on piece is pil'd,
 breath And snow to snow, stands interposing cold,
 n death; With walls congeal'd, in icy columns bold,
 in thy gates The sheltering roof, the floor, and tunnel porch,
 ates, A tube-like hall, thro' which, each wretch must crouch,
 blast, When to his dreary cell, he finds his way,
 nes his last. A bed of snow, he forms, whereon to lay—
 His lamp prepares—no fuel else he burns,
 No other flame his chilling shelter warms.

d prepare
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XXVII.

fields, No blazing hearth the squalid infant greets,
 y— But hous'd in snow, it sucks the frozen meats.
 In the raw state of walrus, seal, or whale,
 On which the horde rapaciously regale,
 And quaff the blubber, fuming from the mug,
 In entrails kept, in place of earthen jug.
 Their wretched laws betray privations great—
 They leave their helpless parents to their fate;
 The husband dead—the widow knows her doom—
 No longer then is she allowed a home :

No kindred claims, no friends her wants supply,
Her fate is seal'd, and she is left to die.

XXVIII.

Wisdom ordains that all should own their place,
Beasts, birds, or fish, or e'en the human race;
Each loves his element, his native air,
Nor wants an intermediate life to share;
Some bask in heat, while others dwell in snow,
And each content no other wants to know:
Migrate the Esquimaux to warmer climes,
Feed him on choicest food, on richest wines;
Give him each comfort we enjoy, yet he
Pines for his dreary shores, his icy sea,
His frozen fish, to swallow cold and raw,
And be again a filthy Esquimaux.
Compare with these the comforts of our hearth,
And home will seem a Paradise on earth.

XXIX.

A friendly few around the evening fire—
No more than these did Julia e'er desire;
New-Brunswick then was in an infant state,
No balls or galas made her heart elate—
Nor Soirees Musicales, nor circus gay,
To wile the tedious winter nights away.

ts supply, She knew not these—yet haply she could find,
 Amusement for her intellectual mind,
 In nature's chaste, illimitable page—
 Instructive and sublime in every age;
 heir place, And found a rational pleasure, often where
 n race; The more *enlightened* mind might find despair;
 True friendship twin'd around her faithful heart,
 Where malice found no resting place, nor art:
 in snow, Sincere herself, she scarcely could believe
 ow: The human heart would purposely deceive.

XXX.

But when convinc'd, she scorn'd with honest pride
 All artifice, would openly deride
 Hypocrisy, and spurn'd the odious, mean,
 Dissembling crew, whose venom'd deadly spleen,
 Was wrapped in smiles, or seeming innocence,
 When envy, hatred, or malevolence,
 Was rankling at their hearts, creating vile,
 Unjust insinuations all the while.
 Such creatures *I* most heartily detest,
 They are to me the greatest nuisance, pest,
 And from all such I shudd'ring haste away,
 As *I* would from the dreaded *Cholera* !

XXXI.

Julia was faithful, and her mild blue eye,
 Sweetly express'd her warm sincerity.
 A cheerful flow of spirits made her gay,
 As lark that welcomes in the new-born day ;
 Had wit at will, yet blended with good sense,
 Which made her cautious how she gave offence.
 But she was human, and sometimes would hit
 Rather too keenly, with her poignant wit.
 Few that have wit, know how to wield it well,
 Some judgement is required to make it tell—
 Yet take it all and all, I hail the mind
 Wherein it lives, if moral and refin'd.
 But oh ! how wit is censur'd by those elves,
 Who thank their stars they ne'er commit themselves,
 They boast of wit, yet add—"But I refrain,"
 And make a merit of their *leaden brain* !

XXXII.

Oft was the lovely Julia pain'd to hear,
 Animadversions made, with envious sneer,
 On gifts which her Creator gave, from whom
 She gain'd her voice, her beauteous healthful bloom.
 The weak and envious, tho' they must respect,
 Will ne'er *forgive superior intellect*.

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Julia, replete with wit and mental worth,
Repell'd insidious sneers with easy mirth;
Her indignation she would scarce disguise,
Yet she express'd it merely with her eyes;
Her mirth was harmless as her brow was fair,
And seldom high displeasure rested there.

XXXIII.

Her chief delight in winter was the snow,
For hours she watch'd it falling soft and slow—
Flake after flake, descending bright and fair,
Like fairy banners, floating on the air;
Well pleas'd to see it clothe the frozen ground,
And pleas'd to hear the merry sleigh-bells sound.
Yet did the maple grove, in opening spring,
Present a scene she most delighted in—
To watch the sap, when dripping from the trees,
To walk on snow-shoes, which she could with ease,
To gather balsam from the young fir grove,
To trace the fairy paths of mice she strove;
Then to the camp, unwearied, unrestrain'd,
To tell the store of knowledge she had gain'd.

XXXIV.

Profuse is nature, wander where you will,
Some choice production, some new beauty still.

The wilds abound in such a vast supply, [eye But su
T' enrich th' enquiring mind, and feast the curious From
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XXXV.

Julia was pleased in frosty morn to rove,
On crusted snow, to find the maple grove,
Where in the centre, the rude camp was rear'd,
All the utensils for the sap prepar'd;
And still more pleas'd to see the range of blaze,
The boilers, tumbling sap, in headlong maze:
Thus to reduce the flood of maple juice,
And render sweet more sweet, for household use.
To her the sugar camp was all and all,
She stirred the honey, sipp'd the candied ball,
The squirrel's chiding voice, the whirring sound
Of partridge wing, while thro' the woods resound,
The woodcock's tap—the robin's early visit,
All presag'd spring, and seem'd to her exquisite.



I here must pause, for soon I change my theme,
From sunny hours of happy youth, to care,
Which makes the blissful past seem but a dream,
So fraught with sorrow is it, and despair.

[eye] But such is human life, which changes still
the curious From hope, fair, promising—from peace serene,
To blighted joys, fast followed by each ill,
That wrings the bosom with afflictions keen.

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THE
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SECOND CANTO.



I.

ONE lovely morning when all nature teem'd
With animation—heavenly it seemed,
Each heart rejoic'd, and welcom'd in the spring,
The farmers whistling, at their work were seen,
Speeding the plough, or harrowing in the grain,
Joyous that spring had blest their fields again,
With prospect fair of reaping full reward,
For their hard toil in turning up the sward.
The buds were just unlocked, the foliage green
Began to deck the wild, unvaried scene;
The chilling snow had gone, and swell'd the rills,
The birds' shrill carol rang among the hills;
Drawn by their notes, the sweet unconscious girl
Put on her hat, confin'd the glossy curl,
That waved in ringlets o'er her beauteous brow,
To guard it from the thick impending bough.

II.

Onwards she rambled, where the cedars grew,
 Not dreaming she had bid a long adieu
 To all enjoyment, the parental hearth,
 Dearer to her than every charm on earth :
 A little volume in one hand she held,
 Rested awhile, and on its pages dwell'd,
 A pensive sadness o'er her bosom crept,
 She clos'd the book, and sat her down and wept ;
 The rustling of the foliage o'er her head,
 Seem'd sympathising with the tears she shed.
 Ne'er had she felt such gloom, though oft alone—
 The stimulus for gaiety had flown.

III.

Julia had cherish'd in her inmost heart,
 A flame, that she for worlds would not impart—
 A love more true than e'er was cooing dove,
 'Twas chaste and guiltless as an angel's love ;
 But still 'twas kept confin'd to her own breast,
 Something it was, too pure to be express'd.
 The youthful *Fred'rick* had her mind inspir'd,
 Manly he was, and brave, and much admir'd ;
 Oft had she caught his young and ardent gaze,
 And oft in silence listen'd to his praise ;

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But oftener would she, careless, pass him by,
Nor seem to heed his bright yet serious eye.
Yet in her heart she garnered up his words,
And thought upon them when she spoke of birds.
Oft to the grove she'd steal, and on them pore,
And to herself repeat them o'er and o'er ;
She saw him at her father's house caress'd,
Her parents loved the youth, and she was blest.

IV.

But when is happiness without alloy ?
Ill fate pursues it ever to destroy :
Our future prospects, be they e'er so bright,
Too oft are smitten with a with'ring blight ;
And half our time we're struggling hard to be,
Victors o'er ill, and from its mast'ry free.

V.

So Julia's hopes were tinctur'd with a dread,
With war America was then o'erspread,
Of unredressed wrongs, had long complain'd,
And discontent among her people reign'd :
To gain her freedom, or with honor die,
She boldly rais'd her cap of liberty ;
She chose her chief, and call'd her sons to arms,
And the new world was fill'd with war's alarms ;

A fierce determined strife was then begun,
 Her battle cry, was "WAR AND WASHINGTON;"
 The dauntless shout was heard from shore to shore,
 And England answer'd with her cannon's roar;
 Her gallant leaders made the welkin ring,
 And echo back the cry "GOD SAVE THE KING!"

VI.

Fred'rick was brave, and spurn'd an idle life,
 He long'd to join Great Britain in the strife:
 Four years elapsed, since first the war begun,
 His mother feared for him her only son,
 And had till now, on him prevail'd to dwell,
 Beneath his father's roof, where all went well;
 Heroic deeds were still his constant theme,
 And rural life he term'd "a fameless dream;"
 To him the battle's din, the clash of arms,
 The spirit-stirring, martial life, had charms—
 Towards the army his whole soul was bent,
 His father prais'd his zeal, and gave consent.

VII.

And adding his advice, he kindly laid
 His hand upon his son, and gravely said—
 "My dearest boy, forgive thy father's care.
 Of ev'ry vice, I wish you to beware;

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Examine well your heart at early dawn,
 Avoid the snares by which you may be drawn
 To that dread vortex, that abhorr'd abyss,
 Of guilt, remorse, unpitied distress.
 Waste not in idle talk your leisure hours,
For trifling topics weaken mental pow'rs.
 Scan each opinion, every latent trait,
 Ere you become attach'd or intimate—
 Place confidence in *none*—let your own heart
 Be your sole guide, nor from its rules depart ;
 For there the monitor is ever true,
 And points the right in all we say or do—
 Let not your better judgment lose its weight,
 Nor be o'er ruled—nor be precipitate;
 And Fred'rick, ne'er assume that vacant gaze,
 Which self-conceit and want of sense betrays—
 Be firm, be manly, ne'er be fashion's slave,
 And mark me, be thou eminently brave."

VIII.

With filial love, he press'd his father's hand,
 To him his father's wish was a command ;
 Noble was Fred'rick's heart, and just, and good,
 It glow'd with that rare virtue, *gratitude*—
 His manly brow was stamp'd with beauty's seal ;
 His mind now fill'd with military zeal ;

Yet o'er his heart love still maintain'd its pow'r,
 He sought young Julia, in her favorite bow'r—
 There to explain his views, and there impart
 To her that she was dearest to his heart.

IX.

He, whom she lov'd, had on that morn express'd,
 The flame that he had cherish'd in his breast,
 For her fair self—and asked a mutual love,
 And he would ever true and faithful prove—
 Tho' he that morn, must leave her and his friends,
 But he would soon return and make amends.

X.

The blush that mantled o'er her polish'd cheek
 Made the reply her tongue refus'd to speak—
 By which he guess'd, her heart was all his own,
 Though modesty forbade to make it known;
 A sweet confusion, which she strove to hide,
 Her Fred'rick closer drew unto her side—
 Nor did he leave her till he learn'd her mind,
 While she a wreath of trembling violets twin'd.

XI.

Their vows of mutual constancy and truth,
 With all the warm sincerity of youth—

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Were oft repeated, nought could make them change,
 Nor time, nor distance, would their hearts estrange;
 Let good or ill betide, their faith should still
 Remain unshaken and indelible.

Soon his departure came—for time is brief—
 She thus had sought the woods to calm her grief;
 As a small token of affection true,
 He gave the volume ere he sigh'd adieu.
 When he had gone, she press'd it to her heart,
 For of the donor, this now seem'd a part.

XII.

At length she rose, the wild and sylvan scene
 Had sooth'd her grief, with mind then more serene,
 She further in the forest slowly mov'd,
 Yet were her heart and thoughts with him she lov'd.

XIII.

Sur'd by the clucking of a partridge hen,
 That troop'd her chickens down a leafy glen—
 Encouraging her young and downy brood,
 Unmindful that a stranger near her stood—
 Advancing on, she near and nearer drew,
 Till were her numerous younglings full in view;
 The sight of which, delighted Julia's eyes,
 She sprang to capture one—a little prize;

But quick as thought they hid—she look'd around,
Not even one by Julia could be found.

XIV.

Instinct, the voice of nature, is their guide,
Which tells them where to stroll, and where to hide;
Cloth'd in soft down, the hue of faded leaves,
Which gives them shelter, and the eye deceives.
The partridge with instinctive art, and care,
Led Julia off from where her chickens were—
Till weary with pursuit, gave up the chase,
And turn'd away to seek a resting place—
Went quickly on, nor fear'd the treacherous wild,
The cunning partridge had her sense beguil'd.

XV.

But soon her reason fled—a fearful change [strange
Came o'er her mind—the well-known place seem'd
A path that led up through a shaded glen,
Had been familiar to her eye till then ;
She wandered on, till all her walks she cross'd,
And knew them not—the beauteous girl was lost
Her mind grew more bewildered, more distress'd
And thro' entangled boughs she onwards press'd.

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XVI.

A consciousness, that she had gone astray,
Flash'd on her mind, and fill'd her with dismay—
No friend was nigh, to guide her steps along,
Her speed increas'd—though in direction wrong;
Urg'd on by fear, she wept and wildly rush'd
Thro' a dark swamp where blacken'd waters gush'd;
Loud were her calls, her shrieks were wild and high,
The echo caught them, and returned the cry;
The warbling of the birds she heeded not,
Nor scented wild-flower pluck'd—all, all forgot.

XVII.

Frantic with grief, could birds or flow'rs impart
One ray of pleasure to her bursting heart!
Her lacerated limbs, her deep distress,
Alone, unfriended, in a wilderness.
How great the change!—alas, in two short hours,
The disarrangement of her mental pow'rs—
Lost to her home and every tender tie,
Untoward fate now rul'd her destiny.

XVIII.

Yet while she had still greater ills to learn,
Her friends at home awaited her return;

The morn had pass'd away, the usual hour,
Which she each day devoted to her bow'r,
Had glided by, and still their daughter stay'd,
They thought her coming, she too long delay'd.
They knew her gentle heart for Fred'rick mourn'd,
Yet from her walk, 'twas time that she return'd.

XIX.

Alarm'd, they sought the rock, the bow'r, the grove,
The hill, the glen, the willow-shaded cove;
'They pac'd the fields, and loudly call'd her name,
No answer was return'd, no Julia came;
Her much lov'd voice, in flowing accents mild,
No more was heard in bow'r, in glen, or wild;
Her slender form, her glowing cheek, no more
Gladden'd her doating parents as before.
Fear then took sole possession of each breast,
A dread, a terror, scarce to be express'd—
That Julia, had beyond her knowledge cross'd
The forest ground, and thus herself had lost.

XX.

The human heart no greater trial knows,
No greater torture ever undergoes,
Than when a child or parent strays away,
Far in a wild expos'd to beasts of prey;

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What agony to know the day is pass'd,
 And night, dark gloomy night, advancing fast—
 And that the hapless wanderer lost, alone!
 Still further from his home hastes wildly on.

XXI.

Painful conjectures, pierc'd the aching brain
 Of Julia's parents—they no clue could gain
 Whereby she might be found—at length they trac'd,
 Down by a pool, where she her foot had plac'd;
 The moisten'd earth retain'd the impress still,
 From whence, they trac'd her footsteps towards a hill,
 But there they found no 'semblance of a track,
 They search'd no further then, and hasten'd back,
 Besought their neighbors round to lend them aid,
 Ere Julia had beyond recovery stray'd.

XXII.

With sympathetic zeal, each manly heart,
 Assistance gave—each bore an active part—
 The young, and even aged, sallied out—
 Parties were form'd, each took a diff'rent route :
 For nine successive days, from night till morn,
 The wilderness re-echoed with the horn—
 They shouted, call'd, and search'd each thicket thro',
 Yet little else than foliage met their view;

Till one upon a windfall's mouldering trunk,
Found an impression where her foot had sunk ;
No other track of her was ascertain'd,
No other mark where she had pass'd was gain'd ;
And yet the ground for miles was travers'd o'er,
Till hope forsook them, and they could no more.

XXIII.

Reluctantly they ceas'd the vain pursuit,
And left the wilderness with sorrow mute—
One still persisted—though of hope bereft—
Her father—and 'twas long before he left ;
Swiftly the painful news was spread around,
The mournful truth, that Julia was not found.
Words cannot paint her agoniz'd mother's grief,
She sought nor consolation nor relief—
Her throbbing heart, her started tearless eye,
Told a sad tale of hopeless agony ;
Madden'd with grief, her arms she wildly toss'd,
And shriek'd aloud—"Is then my Julia lost?"

XXIV.

At intervals, a calm stole o'er her mind,
A fearful calm, like that of the hush'd wind—
The sure prognostic oft in climates warm,
Of the dread earthquake, or terrific storm ;

During those calms, she spoke of Julia gone,
Essay'd to smile, and sigh'd—"God's will be done."
But oh! that smile, 'twas withering to behold,
So woe-begone—so sorrowful—so cold—
'Twas vague as that of any new-born child,
And chill'd the heart as if a corpse had smil'd.
But time, which steals afflictions from mankind,
Assaug'd her poignant grief, and sooth'd her mind;
To cheer her soul, a ray divine was giv'n—
A holy calm, which led her thoughts to Heav'n—
Her hopes were rais'd—above the earth she trod,
And plac'd a firm reliance on her God.

XXV.

No longer of parental grief I speak—
Through the dark wild I must lost Julia seek;
There 'mid its gloom, an incident befel:
The weeping wand'rer, in a lonely dell—
Long ere they miss'd her, she had hasten'd thro'
A distant swamp, where spruce and hemlock grew,
Then hurried on, until the solar rays
Departed from the thick bewild'ring maze;
The forest songsters all had ceas'd to sing,
Had closed their eyes beneath the downy wing—
Or flitted silently from tree to tree,
Save the lone owl, which shriek'd discordantly,

And added gloom to gloom, in Julia's breast,
Who there no solace found, nor place of rest.

XXVI.

The night advanc'd; and now the round full moon
Arose, and thro' the trees obliquely shone,
Yet lent no aid; the craz'd, bewilder'd child
Thought from the west, its rays glanc'd thro' the wild;
And further on her devious route, she took
Down a deep glen, where brawl'd a noisy brook—
That dash'd o'er rocks, and foam'd in whiten'd spray;
Along whose rugged edge, she groped her way,
Till high the moon arose, and one faint gleam
Fell on the waters of the troubled stream;
Awhile her eye pursued its winding course,
Fully assured 'twas hastening to its source;
When weak, fatigued, with bosom sad and drear,
A shrill and dismal howl assail'd her ear.

XXVII.

Paraliz'd Julia stood—a death-like chill
Crept through her beauteous form—the hideous yell
Was that of some wild beast in search of prey,
Or one which from its mate had gone astray:
The cracking twigs and rustling leaves now told,
That the appalling animal grew bold;

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Onward it came, with eager, snuffing breath,
 As if to warn her of immediate death;
 Intent on blood it seem'd, and fiercer grew,
 Until with hair erect, it stalk'd in view;
 Wily its tail, with feline motion wav'd,
 With agonizing fears her bosom heav'd;
 The wolf took aim, and on her fix'd his eye,
 She knew her fate, and gave a piercing cry;
 Fear seiz'd the wolf, and up the glen he tore,
 His howling ceas'd, and he return'd no more.

XXVIII.

With overflowing gratitude, she kneel'd
 Her trembling limbs—her palsied senses reel'd;
 Yet thanks pour'd forth to that protecting Pow'r,
 Who watch'd in mercy on that trying hour—
 To stay the hungry wolf, had stretch'd his arm,
 Reliev'd her fears, and shielded her from harm.
 Julia, at length, sat down: in sadness wept,
 Till o'er her wearied frame a torpor crept,
 Which staid her tears—she could no longer weep,
 She drop'd her aching head, and fell asleep.

XXIX.

Night had her veil withdrawn, the day had broke,
 Before the lost, unhappy girl awoke;

A heavy mist hung o'er the deep ravine,
The birds were twitt'ring 'mong the foliage green.
The trees, the flow'rs, and every thing that grew
In that lone wild, was wet with morning dew.
The hapless Julia woke, benumb'd with cold,
The bed of leaves her lost condition told—
Dejected, pale, with stiffen'd limbs, she rose
From where she'd lain in comfortless repose;
Weaken'd with sorrow, and the want of food,
She walk'd on feebly, through an open wood;
The spicy leaf of partridge-berry chew'd,
Which partially her failing strength renew'd—
She did not weep, yet a convulsive sob
Responded to her aching bosom's throb.

XXX.

All the endearments of her much lov'd home
Rush'd to her mind, and added to her gloom;
When fancy painted her fond parents' grief,
And she alas, could give them no relief—
She thought of Frederick, motionless she stood,
Nor pow'r had she to move, till came a flood
Of scalding tears, which bath'd her pallid cheek,
She even doubted that she could awake—
E'er feel such anguish, 'twas a troubled dream,
She call'd her parents, call'd her Frederick's name;

But soon the sad reality return'd,
She press'd her temples which with fever burn'd ;
A brook was nigh, and in its limpid wave
She bath'd them o'er and o'er, and ceas'd to rave.

XXXI.

She pass'd along, where she the day before,
Had in her madness travers'd o'er and o'er—
She now was calm, yet so bewilder'd still,
That when she saw her bonnet, where it fell
The previous night, she recogniz'd it not,
And sympathiz'd with the unhappy lot
Of one, whose fate seem'd similar to her's,
And who had rush'd as wildly through the firs ;
Nor had she miss'd the bonnet from her head,
So griev'd was Julia, so bewildered.

XXXII.

Forlorn in heart, her garments wet and torn,
She heard the winding of a distant horn—
She gave the trees around a brief survey,
And onward urged her speed in great dismay—
Ascrib'd the horn to some imagin'd foe,
And ran until she could no farther go.
Just then she saw an op'ning through the trees,
And thither bent her steps by slow degrees ;

She fondly hoped that she at last had come
Out to a clearing, which was near her home.

XXXIII.

With tott'ring steps she mov'd, until she view'd
A placid lake, embosom'd in the wood—
Its surface calm, unruffled by a breeze,
And mirror-like, reflected drooping trees
Which grac'd its edge, a wild romantic scene,
Where ne'er the foot of civiliz'd man had been.

XXXIV.

Fearless of danger in this still abode,
The wild duck on its quiet bosom rode—
Or skimm'd its surface—there the sportive drake
Turn'd summersets upon the limpid lake;
And there the diving loon, a wary bird,
With querulous voice around the beach was heard.
There sang the sparrow—there the little wren,
The full toned paddoc and the meadow-hen;
The robin tuned its pipe, and join'd the choir,
And snipes with wavy motion throng'd the shore:
Their voices, blending, musical and rude,
Each one exulting in its quietude.

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XXXV.

Long Julia gaz'd, but no relief was there,
Her disappointment heighten'd her despair;
Yet further on her feeble limbs she bore,
And, swooning, fell upon, the lonely shore.
In all her frequent wand'rings, she had press'd
The gift of Fred'rick to her aching breast;
Unconscious of her clasp, a casual look
Did not remind her that it was a book—
And still she held it firmly in her hand,
Where she lay senseless on the humid sand.

XXXVI.

Had Frederick known, how dreary, how forlorn
Was Julia's bosom on that hapless morn—
His love of fame had vanish'd into air,
And all his joys had turn'd to black despair;
But he, in happy ignorance of her fate,
Pursued his course with sanguine hopes elate---
And gain'd the seat of war, where all was gay,
And battle scenes the topic of the day;
The merits of each leader were discuss'd,
All loudly talked because they thought they must.

XXXVII.

No medium in opinion was observ'd,
Some were applauded more than they deserv'd—

While others were condemn'd for trifling cause,
 But each took care to give himself applause ;
 One letter of the Alphabet went round,
 The hero of each tale with wonders crown'd—
 'Twas *I—I* gave the word—*I* gave the blow—
I fearless stood—'twas *I* pursued the foe :
 Till Fred'rick's head grew dizzy with the noise,
 He thought of home, and sigh'd for peaceful joys.

XXXVIII.

At first was Fred'rick much chagrin'd to find,
 That he true happiness had left behind ;
 But soon the homesick youth forgot to sigh,
 And pleasure once more splarked in his eye—
 The pomp of war, which he now daily view'd,
 Created valour, and his zeal renew'd ;
 The admonitions which his father gave,
 Kept vice aloof, and made him truly brave—
 Promotion follow'd, and his dreams of fame
 Were realiz'd, and blended with his name.

'Tis sweet to carol when the mind 's at ease,
 'Tis sweet to meet a friend we dearest love---
 But is it sweet, when we most wish to please,
 To find our kind endeavours fruitless prove ?

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I had a something that I wish'd to say,
 But I no longer have a heart to speak,
 A turn of thought has ta'en the wish away,
 I languid feel, and calm repose will seek.

Well here I am again, with mind compos'd,
 And much inclin'd to sing, could I but find
 Some cheering subject—for I feel disposed
 To cast dull thought, and duller care behind.

Fair Julia, where art thou?—have I forgot
 That thou wert lying on a lonely shore?
 No—still I sympathize thy hapless lot,
 Though frowning fate has good for thee in store.

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THE
LAY OF THE WILDERNESS.



THIRD CANTO.

I.

AN hour had pass'd, the morning sun now beam'd
Full on her face, and her existence seem'd
To be no more—but kindly Providence
Watch'd o'er the life of helpless innocence—
And sent her timely succour—but for this,
She would have perish'd in the wilderness.

II.

Otwin, an Indian, and his aged squaw,
Had three days previous, left their camp to draw
Provision from the wild-fowl of the lake,
Or hunt the musquash 'mid the curling brake;
Here to supply their wants, they oft had been,
And gained abundance from this sylvan scene—
And now again, they nimbly carried through
A woody portage, their light bark canoe—

From our majestic river, the Saint John,
Long ere the sun upon its waters shone;
Their temporary wigwam they forsook,
A fire it merely was, beside a brook.

III.

Unmindful of a camp, the Indians roam,
They light their evening's fire, and feel at home;
With sweet contentment, they seem truly blest,
Careless of shelter, they retire to rest—
And though we look upon them with an eye
Of pity, or contempt, or courtesy;
Alike to them our frowns, or friendly smile,
They care for neither, and despise our toil—
Accustom'd from their infancy, to move
From place to place, they early learn to love
To stroll at will—free as the winds of heav'n,
And no inducement ever can be giv'n
To make them change their kettle, light fusee',
Their bark canoe, their modes of living free—
For all the luxuries of wealth or art,
Or all the joys refinement can impart.

IV.

Eager to gain a bountiful repast,
These sought the lake ere they had broke their fast—

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And with keen eager eyes the lake survey'd,
 Where the clamorous ducks in numbers play'd,
 In blissful ignorance of approaching woe,
 Nor apprehensive of a murd'rous foe—
 Till the loud thunder of the gun's report,
 Scatter'd the busy flock, and check'd their sport.
 Th' affrighted ducks rose up with hurried maze,
 O'er the dense cloud of smoke with wonder gaz'd ;
 Circled about, while yet around the roar
 Rang through the trees, which done, they cared no
 more.

The simple birds, fear'd not the baleful lead
 That pierced the hearts of their companions dead—
 The sound was all,—which hush'd, they sought
 the cove—

Skimm'd on the wave, again quack'd o'er their love.

V.

The skilful Indians with unerring aim,
 Supplied their wants, with spring's delicious game—
 Then to prepare their meal, their sport gave o'er,
 To build a fire beside the reedy shore ;
 Yet busily engaged, 'twas long ere they
 Their feast gave o'er, or from it turn'd away—
 At length by seeming chance, old Agnes spied
 The form of Julia, near the water side.

VI.

Struck with amazement, they approach'd the place,
 And gazed upon her pale yet beauteous face—
 Nor long they gazed, with quick discernment they
 Perceived that life was ebbing fast away—
 They gently rais'd her from the chilly ground,
 A warm and strength'ning root then quickly found—
 Obtained its juice, which in her mouth they pour'd,
 And soon to life the hapless girl restor'd;
 With kind caresses, they then asked her name,
 Who were her parents, and from whence she came?
 'Too much exhausted, she made no reply,
 Her words died on her lips—a bursting sigh
 Evinc'd her weakness, and her agony.

VII.

Her youth, her beauty, they beheld with eyes
 Of pity, admiration, and surprise—
 No friend was there to save, she seem'd alone,
 And they now plann'd to take her as their own.
 With hasty strides, her feeble frame they bore
 O'er the short portage to the river shore— [speed,
 Then launch'd their bark, and with the lightening's
 Escap'd exposure of their treach'rous deed.
 T' evade pursuit, their failing strength renewed,
 Pushed on thro' rapids, and the voyage pursued ;

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Incessantly they toil'd t' effect their scheme,
Till they had reach'd the Tobique's limpid stream—
There then they rested, there they sought repose,
Where on its banks an Indian village rose—
Which long had been their favorite resort,
The stream abounding with their summer's sport.

VIII.

There Julia's strength return'd, and with it came
A sense of degradation—was her name
Forever lost, or blended with the rude,
Uncultivated, savage multitude?
The bare idea, pierc'd her heart with dread,
Sooner would she be number'd with the dead;
With indignation undisguis'd, she spurn'd
Their mode of life, and begg'd to be return'd
To her dear home, her parents' fond regard,
And urg'd the certainty of their reward.
They to her warm entreaties gave no heed,
To claim the lovely girl was ample need.

IX.

She quickly read their cool evasive glance,
'Twas by design she saw, and not by chance;
Enrag'd to find persuasive language vain,
Unwisely told them, she would yet regain

Her own lov'd home, without their treach'rous aid,
 Or ev'n their knowledge—this was rashly said.
 Those threats awak'ned all their savage art,
 Otwin resolved with Julia ne'er to part—
 Now took immediate counsel of his friends,
 To make concealment sure, and gain his ends.

X.

Then to a camp, in haste, they all withdrew,
 And various were the plans they had in view;
 Yet were they mute, till Pierre the silence broke,
 Aged was Pierre, 'twas he alone that spoke—
 And thus he said—"Otwin, secure thy prize,
 "Her form is faultless, radiant are her eyes—
 "Complete the scheme, thou hast so well begun,
 "And make her worthy of thine only son.
 "Begone this instant, take the threat'ning girl
 "Up far beyond the Tobique's eddying whirl—

XI.

"Where the dark Wabskahagen waters glide,
 "That red, discolored stream, with rapid tide—
 "Which joins the Tobique, with a steady pour,
 "Mingles its waters, and is seen no more.
 "There build thy wigwam 'mid the dark red pine,
 "Cherish the maiden, round her heart entwine;

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"Teach her our arts, and our superior skill
"To work a basket, or wild game to kill.
"There gain her love, and all her studies guide
"To that grand aim, to be an Indian's bride."

XII.

Pierre ceas'd, and each gave an assenting nod,
To them was Pierre, an oracle, a god—
Their brave forefathers he could well describe,
He was the eldest chief of all their tribe;
'Twere deemed unwise, his precepts to disdain,
Or from his sage examples to refrain.

XIII.

Well pleased was Otwin, with old Pierre's advice,
And left the Tobique village in a trice—
Then up the Wabskahagen stream, he took
The sad, heart-broken Julia and her book—
Which Agnes kindly said she should retain,
And strove to cheer her—yet her words were vain.
No motive was assigned why they withdrew,
Although, 'twas evident they had in view
Some deep design, for which they had removed
Her further still, from those she dearest loved.

XIV.

Convinced of this, her agony of mind
Now knew no bounds, nor no relief could find;
Until old Agnes artfully express'd,
That she herself was equally distress'd—
And would but Julia cease to give her pain,
She should the sooner see her friends again.
This soothed poor Julia, tho' she scarce believed,
The wily squaw, and still in secret grieved—
In secret sighed for her parental roof,
And from the Indians kept herself aloof.

XV.

Yet in their costume was she now arrayed,
Of scarlet cloth and ribbon was it made—
Her leggins, bound with silk, and beaded o'er—
Her breast adorned with brooches near a score;
The beaded moccasin adorned her feet,
Her cap of scarlet, richly trimm'd and neat—
The fur pitsnoggin at her side was hung,
Its silken tassels with gay beads were strung.
A band of wampum round her waist she wore,
A silver crucifix, which they adore—
Was from the neck, suspended by a string
Of the grey wampum, they delighted in.

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The beauteous girl, in this becoming dress,
Walk'd forth unseen, amid the wilderness.

XVI.

To ramble through the woods she still was fond,
A something told her she should not despond—
And oft a small, still voice, stole thro' her mind,
It breathed of hope, that blessing to mankind;
Young hope is ever sweet, like that of heaven,
To cheer us on through life 'twas surely given—
And Julia still had hope, for hope is strong,
Particularly so when we are young;
Hope then is so persuasive, on we drive,
And fondly think all things with us will thrive.
'Twas so with her, and others I could name—
Hope was—is now—will ever be the same;
Come then sweet hope, and aid me while I write,
Nor like an *ignis fatuus* cheat my sight—
Nor urge me on, if all my toil is vain,
Be true this once, and I'll no more complain;
If after this entreaty, I should meet
In thee, fair smiling hope, a faithless cheat—
I would break my heart—for I still cling to thee,
Though thou hast ever disappointed me.

XVII.

Intent on her escape was Julia still,
 Though Agnes often said she would fulfil
 The promise she had made—yet weeks pass'd by,
 And still was Julia in captivity;
 She ev'n was ignorant, why she was detain'd
 Where solitude in awful grandeur reign'd—
 Where the red pine, as far as eye could see,
 Tower'd to the clouds, with godlike majesty;
 The deep, dark grove, that near the wigwam rose,
 Gave the wild scene an air of deep repose.

XVIII.

In Indian style, their wigwam was arrang'd—
 Green boughs composed the couch on which they
 loung'd;
 The glossy cedar carpeted the earth,
 And form'd a circle round the wigwam's hearth.
 Far from the camp would Julia oft repair,
 To be alone, and breathe the forest air—
 Her mem'ry there, would long and fondly dwell
 On that sad morn, when Frederick sigh'd farewell;
 Yet did her aspect wear a deeper gloom,
 When fancy painted her once happy home—
 The keen affliction, which her loss would bring
 On her kind parents, kept her sorrowing.

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XIX.

Old Agnes oft the pensive Julia eyed,
And long'd to show her son, his destined bride.
He then was absent on a hunting match—
To spear the salmon, or the moose to catch ;
And in his absence, they the lake had sought,
Yet Francis knew not, dreamt not, they had bro't
A lovely stranger to that distant wild,
For him, their dearest, best, their only child.

XX.

One breezy morn, when Julia fear'd to rove
Beneath the waving branches of the grove,
For ever and anon a crashing sound
Was heard amid the wilderness around :
The rush to earth, of tall, gigantic trees,
That had for ages proudly stood the breeze.

XXI.

To drive away, or kill harassing thought,
Her oft perus'd volume, Julia caught,
For in the poem she could daily find
Some sentiment congenial to her mind ;
While Agnes oft, in secret, joy'd to see
Her lovely captive read composedly ;

Yet for her son, her bosom hourly yearn'd
 Till Otwin signed, that Francis had return'd.
 Julia was seated on a cedar bough,
 Upon her book intent, with thoughtful brow—
 When he with noiseless step, and bow unbent
 With Indian quickness, darted in the tent.
 His mother, read, with half averted eyes,
 Her darling son's agreeable surprise,
 With closely folded arms apart he stood,
 As if in sullen, contemplative mood—
 With jealous care, suppress'd a rising sigh,
 And fix'd on Julia's face his subtle eye.

XXII.

But oh that look, 'twere difficult to pourtray,
 Indifference, thou art mine, it seem'd to say—
 But in its seeming apathy, one might trace
 The wily art, peculiar to his race.
 His form was stately, and his haughty mien
 Bore the proud impress of the neighboring scene :
 The vast gigantic pine, the rolling tide,
 Seem'd to pay tribute to his lofty pride ;
 The stream, the lake, the wood, to him were free,
 He claim'd their spoil with fearless liberty.
 The plodding white man's labour he disdain'd,
 And valued not the comforts thus obtain'd ;

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Looked down on each, with proud exulting smiles,
He was the Indian in his native wilds.

XXIII.

His mother viewed him with maternal pride,
Her present wants, his hunt had well supplied—
So well perfected seem'd her plan—so ripe,
She sat with careless ease, and smoked her pipe.
By mere appearances are cares relieved,
And we most happy seem when most deceived—
Whate'er is deem'd improbable, we love,
And grasp impossibilities to prove
That our anticipations are not vain,
It *may* be possible—we *may* attain
The pinnacle of bliss or fame, with ease,
Thus do we argue, thus our cares appease.

XXIV.

Reason may urge the weakness of our scheme,
Deaf to her voice, we still pursue the theme—
Ambitious views our reason oft benumbs,
Till disappointment with a vengeance comes.
When truth comes forth, the fallacy of hope
Is then self-evident—our spirits droop—
Reason then triumphs—then is her voice obey'd,
And all the wheels of bliss run retrograde.

But I digress, when 'tis of no avail,
 Digressions only interrupt a tale;
 Well then my narrative I will pursue,
 And tell the hope young Francis had in view.

XXV.

Of Pierre's suggestion, he was made aware,
 Assur'd of his success, yet was his air
 Reserved in the extreme, and scarce a word
 Fell from his lips, that Julia ever heard;
 His eyes alone, expressed whate'er he thought,
 They to her mind a strong conviction brought
 That she was loved, though o'er his haughty soul,
 'Twould seem, that gentle love had no control;
 His watchful eye oft turned towards the grove
 Where she, to shun his gaze, would often rove—
 Yet Francis scorned to follow, or intrude
 Himself, where Julia wished for solitude.
 Sometimes indeed, as if by mere mistake,
 He took the route, which he had seen her take—
 But turned his head away, and seem'd to view
 Some distant object, or some bird that flew—
 When he approach'd the spot where Julia stood,
 Beside the gurgling stream, or near the wood—
 Yet he a haughty silence still maintained,
 For ought of freedom his proud heart disdained.

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XXVI.

On rainy days, or when the earth was damp,
Julia would seek amusement in the camp—
Assisted Agnes, or would sit to sew,
These were the happiest hours that Francis knew.
It seemed mere chance that he sat by her side,
Yet there he oft would lounge with careless pride—
There formed his implements with curious art,
Fully assured his skill would gain her heart.

XXVII.

When winter came, and all without was drear,
He grew more social, and essay'd to cheer
The hapless girl, with legends of his race,
Their chieftains' victories, their foes' disgrace—
Their freeborn rights, unknowing ought of bounds,
Save round hereditary hunting grounds—
That she might form a higher estimate
Of Indian life, and cease to mourn her fate;
He taught her all their useful arts and modes,
So well adapted to their wild abodes.

XXVIII.

He taught her too the language of his tribe,
Yet to affection, he would ne'er ascribe

His perseverance, and would smiling say
'Twas merely done, to wile his hours away,
For Julia, he a pair of snow-shoes made,
On which she through the forest often stray'd—
There, where the giant trunk of some old tree
Gave shelter from the blast, would Julia be.
Tho' nought was there to please, except she heard
A distant chirping of the teekel bird ;
Yet thither she would stroll, there meditate,
And pore upon the strangeness of her fate.

XXIX.

These were her leisure hours, tho' few they were,
For neat was Julia, as herself was fair—
Nor followed the examples of the squaw,
Whose careless habits she too often saw.
Yet would old Agnes, when her toil was o'er,
Renew the boughs upon the earthen floor—
Arrange the wigwam orderly and neat,
Though she had neither table, nor a seat
Whereon to sit, and boughs alone compos'd
Her sofa, and the bed, where she repos'd ;
On these young Julia, rested through the night,
On these she sat to sew, or read, or write.

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XXX.

For she did write, though strange it may appear
That she could get pen, ink, and paper there—
She took a feather from a wild-fowl's wing,
And made a pen—her ink was coloring
Prepared to give their basket stuff a hue,
Or quills of porcupine, while they were new.
With apparatus she was thus supplied,
The which, by Francis, jealousy was eyed ;
For she no longer look'd to him for news,
No longer could his anecdotes amuse ;
Her pen, her book, oft drew her mind away
From all that Francis now could do or say.

XXXI.

But great relief these gave her aching heart,
With these her sorrows were beguil'd in part,
She wrote upon the margin of each leaf,
Her book contained, her mode of life, her grief;
Till every margin there was scribbled o'er,
Each blank fill'd up, and she could write no more.

XXXII.

Three years had glided off—one Autumn came,
The Indians had prepared for winter's game—

Had left the Tobique village, to reside
Near the dark Wabskahagen's water side ;
Their range of wigwams rose among the trees,
And look'd the seat of competence and ease—
The young papposes, wild and void of care,
Were shooting arrows in the ambient air—
Or at a mark with emulative strife,
Which gave the wild, an air of busy life.

XXXIII.

Poor Julia view'd them with unfeign'd delight,
For they now seem'd young cherubs in her sight ;
So long immured, so lonely had she been,
That ev'n their wild shouts now cheer'd the scene.
Perchance I may, thought she, among this crowd,
Find one with faith and honesty endowed—
On whom I can with confidence depend,
Or who for some reward would be my friend.

XXXIV.

But ere the Autumn passed, one sunny day
A Frenchman to that village found his way ;
From Montreal he came, with sundry goods,
And had the Indians traced to these dark woods ;
His box was open'd, and his goods surveyed,
Feathers, beads, and wampum he displayed.

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The Indians were enraptured with the sight
Of scarlet cloth, and crucifixes bright—
The Frenchman's tawdry printstoo, gain'd applause,
And found a ready sale among the squaws—
They look'd around for Julia,—who had gone
Where she might read, and weep, and rave alone.

XXXV.

On looking o'er the goods, her eyes had met
A publication—'twas an Old Gazette.
Soon on the earth it carelessly was thrown,
Julia had caught it up, and then had flown
Far to a bank, where balm of Gilead trees
Yielded their sweet perfume, to Autumn's breeze—
There she sat down beneath the kindly shade,
And read, while o'er her head the foliage play'd,
Of civil life, the business of the day,
Balls, theatres, and shallops cast away—
Of fortunate escapes, and haply too,
Of blissful moments, such as she once knew.
She weeping, sobb'd aloud, for she now found
The busy world had gone its daily round;
While she unknown, unthought of'mong the crowd,
Had joyless been,—again she sobb'd aloud.

XXXVI.

Then next with tearful eyes, did she peruse
 The columns fill'd with war's afflictive news—
 Long had America been the seat of war,
 Her battles, her retreats were known afar.
 The agitated Julia sought to find
 The regiment named, which Fred'rick had join'd;
 'Twas there—and quick on Fred'rick's name she
 gazed,

She saw his brave, his gallant conduct praised;
 Then in another column were detail'd,
 The Balls and Suppers which had him regal'd,
 Together with his corps—and he 'twas said
 A conquest o'er the ladies' hearts had made.

XXXVII.

Oh God! she cried, had Fred'rick known my fate,
 Would he with smiles have grac'd the festive
 scene?

Knowing that Julia's heart was desolate,
 Would he among the joyous crowd have been?
 Where was I then, Oh Frederick?—was I gay
 Amid the gloomy pines, where human voice
 Was seldom heard—where ne'er a cheering ray
 Bid my sad, heavy, tortur'd heart rejoice?

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And still surrounded by a savage race,
Who watch my sorrows with a jealous eye—
No tender sympathy in them I trace,
They hold me captive by their subtlety.
While he perchance, ere this, with fame elate,
Forgets the hour we met beside the lea—
Absence, he said, would ne'er his love abate,
And asked for mutual vows of constancy.

XXXVIII.

Some fairer maiden may attract his eye,
Or with bewitching wiles his heart ensnare—
With sweet assurance offer up a sigh,
Till he of her fond love is well aware.
Men seem to idolize a female's art,
Infatuation stronger is than love—
Truth in a female seldom gains a heart,
A virtuous love the base will e'en reprove.

XXXIX.

Where virtue is, reserve will ever dwell,
And faithful hearts in secret will repine,
Will e'en deny to those they love too well,
That they can love, and mutual love decline.
But oh, could Fred'rick my sad fortune learn,
That I was haunted by an Indian's love—

All arts, all blandishments, his soul would spurn—
Would leave them all to wrest me from the grove.

XL.

Now Francis had near Julia softly crept,
Had seen with high displeasure that she wept—
Had heard her sighs, had heard her piteous moan,
Did Julia leave him thus to weep alone?
His haughty breast with deep resentment burn'd,
With rage suppressed, her constancy had learn'd—
That notwithstanding his superior art,
Another kept possession of her heart.

XLI.

When she arose, he cautiously withdrew
With noiseless steps, he to his father flew;
With energetic gestures, there expressed
The jealous pride, that warr'd within his breast—
“That Julia loves,” he said, “her weeping proves,
“But is it Otwin’s god-like son she loves?
“No, her affections on some youth are placed,
“And my acknowledged skill, has not effaced
“The first attachment from the maiden’s mind,
“She must be obstinate or more than blind;
“Yet is she, Otwin, at your sole command,
“And I now claim the promise of her hand

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"If she should hesitate to be my bride,
 "She must be mad indeed, or void of pride.
 "Now name the bridal day, and make it known
 "When I shall call this weeping girl my own—
 "Then shall her sorrow cease, and pain no more
 "Shall pierce the swan-like bosom I adore."

XLII.

Francis, said Otwin, I admire thy plan,
 In this thou art, what e'er thou'st been, a man ;
 But recollect, my son, our Priest has gone,
 That man of God—and we are now alone—
 Unknown to him, no nuptial vows are made,
 These are his orders—they must be obey'd ;
 Let all those weak emotions be suppressed ;
 That you my son could e'er feel thus distressed—
 Is what our taunting brethren ne'er must know,
 Sooner would Otwin torture undergo—
 Then smooth thy brow, let peace return to thee,
 And soon the fair hair'd maid will hear from me ;
 That her strange conduct I can now define,
 That she henceforth may hold herself as thine.
 So soon as our good priest shall bless our sight,
 Shall be performed the solemn marriage rite.

XLIII.

The poor distracted Julia knew not this,
 Had thought the busy Indians near would miss
 Her from the crowd, where they were joyous all,
 Than what she knew, worse evil scarce could fall—
 She vainly thought, on her devoted head,
 Yet knew not the result to which it lead.
 She sought the camp, with tott'ring steps and weak,
 A crystal tear still resting on her cheek—
 Her pallid lips old Otwin's scheme reproved,
 Tho' they, except by trembling, were unmoved.
 Awhile she stood, with fix'd and thoughtful eye,
 With soul absorbed in mental agony—
 At length she ask'd, when that blest hour would
 come,
 When they would take her to her own dear home?

XLIV.

Now Agnes rais'd her voice, and Julia told
 That she should ne'er return,—not all the gold
 Her parents could produce, should e'er her bribe
 To tear her from Francis, best of all his tribe.
 "Did I not save your life," old Agnes said,
 "I kindly nursed you, maiden, gave you bread—
 "My son with skilful art secures the game,
 "The oldest of his tribe respects his name;

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"His prowess they ne'er scorn, nor seek to daunt,
"In all his views they are participant—
"My son is handsome, young, his heart is thine,
"Then senseless maiden, why do you repine?
"Your hand he seeks, and we consent have given,
"What more can you desire, this side of heaven."

XLV.

Shudd'ring with horror, Julia thus replied—
"That you preserved my life I ne'er denied;
To you I am indebted for my life,
But I am yet too young to be a wife."
'Twas by an effort she appear'd at ease,
To check their insult, and their ire appease.
Experience taught her to conceal her dread,
Her deep resentment,—never would she wed
An Indian sannup,—sooner should the knife
Pay the last forfeit, with her hapless life—
Or to the priest, before the altar, she
Would openly make known their treachery.
A fortnight pass'd away—the priest had come,
And Julia seemed resigned to meet her doom;
They seiz'd her book, with sullen air and stern,
They feared their priest their treachery would learn.
A book in English language, might imply
That they had brought it there dishonestly—

Their priest was strict, and kept them all in awe,
His very look, with them, was sacred law;
Severe their punishment, whene'er they erred,
Nor durst they murmur, no complaints were heard;
Of his stern mandates they were well aware,
And hid the book with apprehensive care—
On Julia's self, a jealous eye was kept,
Her waking hours they watch'd, and when she slept.
The dreaded crisis drawing nearer still,
No more was she allowed to stroll at will;
While was the village more than usual gay,
With making ready for her bridal day.

The wild untutor'd red man of thy woods,
New-Brunswick, I have sung—yet I confess
That of his legends, customs, laws, and modes,
I could not (singing of him) well say less.

But pry'thee, ne'er to ignorance ascribe
My silence on those points—for I could sing
Of usages, peculiar to thy tribe,
Till thou wast weary of my carolling.

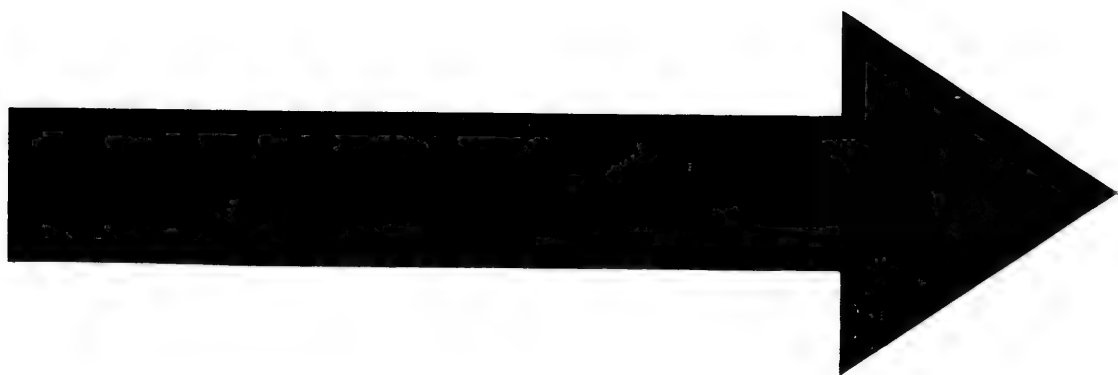
Already are they told in pleasing prose,
Though still unpublish'd to the world and thee,
Yet in good time, *another* will disclose,
Of thine own tribe, a faithful history.

Now of a time thou still rememberest well,
I tune my lay to number up its cares—
The pain of those, who hither came to dwell,
When peace had made a change in their affairs.

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THE
LAY OF THE WILDERNESS.

FOURTH CANTO.



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THE
LAY OF THE WILDERNESS.

FOURTH CANTO.

I.

PEACE with America was now proclaim'd,
Her independence Washington had gain'd—
The faithful Loyalists, of all bereft,
In British transports fast her shores had left ;
The old, the young, the greater, and the less,
Sought here a home, amid thy wilderness.
Here too, the British troops, who long had fought
With the Americans, were promptly brought—
Were here disbanded, officers and men,
Here drew their land, on mountain, hill, and glen.

II.

To thee, New-Brunswick, many thousands came,
Who knew not Julia's fate, nor e'en her name ;

But other cares they had—for who is free—
 They had to build log houses, fall the tree, [house,
 Which lean'd, perchance, too near their humble
 Or that their lean, impoverish'd cow might brouse—
 Severe their toil, by poverty assail'd,
 Frosts then were frequent, and their harvests fail'd,
 Through all the Province then, was scarce a road ;
 The Loyalist beneath a weary load,
 Slowly pursu'd a narrow, winding way
 That led thro' forest, where the god of day
 Was just admitted thro' the matted leaves,
 And lit the path that wound among the trees.

III.

His march was oft impeded by a slough,
 Or by a creek, or where a drooping bough
 Hung o'er the shaded track, he sought to trace.
 And lash'd with painful stripes his care-worn fi . ,
 Swarms of mosquitoes ready for attack,
 Whose torturing bite was equal to the rack,
 Buzz'd in his ears, and joyous seemed to sing,
 While choosing where, to fix the poisonous sting ;
 In vain his efforts to increase his pace,
 For gnats in millions fasten'd on his face,
 Each step augmented the vexatious train,
 Till tortur'd e'en to madness with the pain,

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He threw his burden down, and groan'd aloud,
And curs'd with savage rage the hungry crowd—
Perchance the modicum, he thus obtain'd
Would ill supply the family he maintain'd ;
And when this pittance fail'd, he with a sigh,
Retrac'd his steps to seek a fresh supply.

IV.

And those accustom'd to a life of ease,
Whose only study had been how to please
The giddy world—now met a sad reverse,
Ere grateful England could them reimburse,
For losses they'd sustain'd by land and sea,
And for their warm, devoted loyalty—
The change was most severe, yet they essay'd
By sweat of brow to earn their daily bread.

V.

The officers encounter'd ev'ry ill—
No soldiers now subservient to their will,
With cap in hand, their trifling orders wait,
And all their seeming wants anticipate.
Such times were o'er with officers and men,
Now scatter'd far and wide o'er hill and glen ;
No martial strains they heard, nor bugle blast,
To urge them on, or cheer their plain repast ;

Nor full-ton'd band, with soft bewitching airs,
 That thrills the soul, and breathes away our cares—
 Subdues the sterner passions, soothes the mind—
 Music, enchanting art! in thee we find,
 Our sweetest solace, 'tis alone in this
 We e'er on earth experience ought of bliss.

VI.

The scene was chang'd, with those of whom I speak,
 A scanty pittance they had e'en to seek—
 No quick promotions in these wilds were known,
 Preferment here had ceas'd—'twas toil alone
 The long, unbroken forest held to view ;
 'Twas dreary, twas commencing life anon—
 Yet while Great-Britain, with maternal pride,
 Allowed them rations, and their wants supplied,
 They felt at ease, nor dream'd of coming woe,
 Nor of hard toil which they must undergo—
 But when their rations ceas'd, then came the cry
 Of sorrow and vexatious poverty.

VII.

Their half-pay scarce subdu'd all-conqu'ring want,
 Nor from their threshold bid dull care avaunt ;
 It was by labour they alone obtain'd
 A competence—'twas seldom this they gain'd.

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Some discontented grew, and left their land—
See yonder field, where cherry bushes stand,
Impervious to the eye, an infant wild—
'Twas there an half-pay officer once toil'd.

VIII.

Was that a proper place for one whose mind
Was skill'd in arts, with sciences refin'd ?
And used to all the luxuries of life,
Could he there feel an emulative strife ?
Were the dark waters of yon miry cove,
Or yonder dank, entangled hemlock grove—
Or the bold cliffs of yonder rugged isle,
Objects which could from care his mind beguile ;
Ignorant he was when he his land first drew,
That such a waste would meet his anxious view ;
“ What devil was 't ? ” that urged him on to draw
That horrid place—a worse I never saw.

IX.

But he, by dire necessity compell'd,
A cabin rear'd, in which he lonely dwell'd—
Of architecture rare, and seldom seen,
Was the rude building of this man I ween.
But see ! the chimney of his fallen hut,
Still holds its own, and keeps its balance yet :

H

A monument, o'er which might Comus pray,
 Or shake his sides, with laughter thro' the day,
 The rude fireside of that queer-modell'd pile,
 His only solace was, when freed from toil.
 'Twas wasting life, to drudge from morn till night,
 On soil, that ill his labour would requite—
 See, with grey rock 'tis nearly overspread;
 He left it; do we wonder that he fled?

X.

While those, to whom more lenient were the Fates,
 Still held their wild, yet promising estates—
 Where patient industry once more restor'd
 A plenteousness, to cheer their social board.
 Woodstock, thy rising fame, thy farms imply
 Thy great advancement in prosperity,
 Acquir'd alone by unremitting toil,
 Thy trees were fell'd, and cultur'd was thy soil
 By those of whom I have already said,
 Disdain'd nor toil, nor pain, to earn their bread;
 And now, in good old age, their hopes are crown'd
 With every comfort from their fields around.
 Yet they delight to count past suff'rings o'er,
 Each one has some droll anecdote in store,
 Some well-remember'd mortifying scene,
 And laughing, tells how poor he once has been.

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While those unblest with children or a wife,
Led, in its fullest sense, a hermit's life ;
Their humble shed, perchance in lonely glen,
Or on a hill ; but for a specimen,
I will of one I oft have seen, relate
His mode of life, who murmur'd not at fate—
Unknowing of seclusion *Donald* seem'd,
His soul was wrapp'd in selfishness, he deem'd
That nought in life was worthy of a sigh,
Save what annoy'd himself, exclusively.

XIII.

'Twas well that Donald never had a wife,
 For oft with angry passions he was rife :
 For merest trifle, battle dire ensued,
 Whene'er he chose to feel in savage mood ;
 A change of faces, he but seldom knew,
 From social haunts of men, in scorn withdrew :
 His cow, his pig, his cat, his hut, his spring,
 All claim'd his care, all own'd his fostering.
 A wooden tray, in which he made his bread,
 Pillow'd, at night, its owner's heavy head ;
 Most laughable it was, to see him bake,
 Or rather singe, his tough, unleaven'd cake ;
 On errand sent, I oft have found his hut,
 And household cares devolved upon his cat—
 Her master gone, and puss, in sleek attire,
 Half clos'd her eyes, and purr'd before the fire.

XIV.

Though far from martial scenes he liv'd retired,
 The soldier's uniform he still admired ;
 A scarlet waistcoat, worn with special care,
 Gave Donald a smart, military air—
 Particularly on a Sabbath morn,
 Would Donald, with this vest himself adorn :

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Though none should view his dress, except his cat,
On went the waistcoat, and a black cravat,
His jacket button'd back to add a grace,
Well shav'd, too, was his ruddy, shining face.

XV.

Stern was his aspect, and his flashing eye
Bespoke the inward man's severity—
Suspicious of each look, or playful smile,
His quivering lip evincing vengeful guile; [peace,
He watch'd each movement, nor would seem at
Till ought in us like sprightliness would cease—
For deaf to common tones, the loudest call
Alone subserved to make him hear at all;
And thus he deemed himself the sport of those
Who talked apart, and looked on them as foes.
Yet speak him fair, and mention but the time
When he was in the years of manhood's prime—
An instantaneous change would then take place,
A grateful smile would fast illumine his face—
And tales of blood and carnage, conflicts dire,
The dying groans of those he'd seen expire—
The steady aim, that he so oft made tell,
Were chosen themes on which he joyed to dwell;
And looked for our applause, while we with pain
Beheld the man who had so many slain.

XVI.

Yet he a vague idea cherished still,
 That God will punish those who here do ill—
 And deemed it sinful ever to neglect,
 Or treat his holy day with disrespect.
 Yet such seclusion did this hermit seek,
 He sometimes erred in reck'ning up the week.
 I well remember one bright morn in May,
 He came in spirits more than usual gay—
 And brighter glowed the scarlet of his vest,
 Which told that he was in his very best;
 'Twas on a Friday, and we asked him, why
 He had arrayed himself so tastefully
 Upon a day when all were busy round,
 In clearing land or ploughing tillage ground?
 "Ye ken 'tis Sunday, and I'll nae the morn
 "Be sowin' rye, or wheat, or planting corn,"
 He answered, "'tis the Sabbath of the Lord,
 "And I'll nae work, though ill I can afford
 "To lose the day."—We then explained with
 care,
 In gentle words, and with the gravest air,
 His error—he confounded stood awhile,
 And gazed upon us with a vacant smile;
 On no occasion did he e'er betray
 So deep a sense of going ought astray.

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Strict in the habits of his early youth,
He uttered nought but downright honest truth—
He loved his native hills, and Scotland's name
On his lone heart still held the dearest claim—
Still o'er his mind maintained an influence strong,
For Scotia's sons, with him, could ne'er do wrong.

XVII.

I see him now, methinks, his brow of care,
Pacing before his hut, with martial air—
Or on a hill hard by, where oft he stood,
To guard his fields, that none should there intrude ;
Yet when *he* gave permission, one might bound
O'er his rude fence, and through his meadow ground ;
Was even welcomed then to gather free
The juicy bramble or the strawberry.

XVIII.

How oft in childhood have I waded through
His smiling mead, where orange lilies grew ;
High o'er the grass they waved with modest grace,
Their drooping heads with variegated face.
'Twas there the sweet boblinkin lingered long,
To cheer his brooding partner with a song—
Perched on some waving bush, he tuned his lay,
And carolled sweetly through the livelong day ;

XX.

There, where the British subject, no more found
A place of rest, nor owned a foot of ground—
Was all confusion, save in Frederick's heart,
Which throb'd with joy, to him the word 'Depart'
Brought pleasure in its sound, for soon he heard
The Province of New-Brunswick was preferred
As refuge mete, for British troops, where those
Harrassed by war, could peacefully repose.
While to his corps this seemed a luckless doom,
Hope whispered him his happier hours had come ;
Of kindreds, kindly greetings, early love,
The strength and truth of which he soon should
prove.

All these anticipations he enjoyed,
While he for his departure was employed.

XXI.

Himself and regiment, now embarked on board
A stately transport, which was soon unmoored ;
A gentle breeze fast filled the swelling sail,
The crowded ship borne by the western gale—
Soon left New-York's proud city far behind,
Few on that deck were to their fate resigned—
For hearts were there who felt a sad regret,
Whose star of fame now seem'd forever set ;

The spirit-stirring warfare then was o'er,
 And they were going to a dreary shore—
 With scarce one gleam of hope to cheer the soul,
 They viewed the heaving billows onward roll,
 Which urged the transport on her trackless way,
 And bore her to the entrance of a bay.

XXII.

When Frederick saw the Island Grand Manan,
 A thrilling rapture through his bosom ran.
 Those frowning cliffs, lashed by the combing wave,
 Where oft the sailor finds a watery grave—
 Now rose with milder aspect, to a mind
 Filled with fond hope, and faithful love combined.
 As nearer to the western shore they drew,
 He on the crowded deck now stood to view
 The Bay of Fundy, which then lead the way
 Where all his brightest, happiest prospects lay.
 He knew the comforts of his father's hall,
 Unknown to him was poverty's dread call;
 Not like his fellow-soldiers—houseless, poor,
 But in an easy fortune felt secure.

XXIII.

Aware of this, he viewed the gallant corps
 With eyes of pity, as they neared the shore;

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The transport anchored off the cheerless wilds,
 Where now Saint John, our thriving city smiles.
 Their boats were launched, by hardy seamen manned,
 And soon the voyagers reached the promised land ;
 Beneath Fort Howe, a bank of lively green,
 Where clumps of willows grace the busy scene—
 Was where they first were landed, great and small,
 Men, women, baggage, officers and all.

XXIV.

When Frederick disembarked, he felt at home,
 Accustomed from blithe boyhood, far to roam
 Through bogs and thickets, fearless as a deer,
 To him the trees around did not appear
 So dreary all,—for wilds he felt no dread,
 Not so those strangers, who in towns were bred :
 They shuddered at the sight that met the eye,
 A forest boundless as the azure sky.
 But nought around, that met their anxious gaze,
 Awaken'd memory of their early days :
 They on him look'd with *pity* and *surprise*,
 For he express'd his joy without disguise,
 And hail'd, as early friends, each shrub and tree,
 That in his boyhood he had joy'd to see ;
 The human heart, perchance they had not known,
 Else had they learn'd, how faithless and how lone

Is that dark soul, whate'er his mind hath plann'd,
Who loves not, next to God, his *Native Land* !

XXV.

A dismal swamp of spruce then thickly grew
Where now high, handsome dwellings cheer the
A narrow miry path then lead around, [view;
Where now the Portland cottages abound—
To that high ridge, which scarce is mentioned now,
On which in former days was seen Fort Howe;
There too was seen, 'mong spruce and cedar trees,
The soldiers' tents, and officers' marquees.
Till were arrangements made, and schemes were
planned
To build a town, or cultivate the land.

XXVI.

I leave them now, to follow Frederick through
The walk of life, his fate bade him pursue;
Impatience made each moment seem a day,
Nor would he brook the semblance of delay.
Eager to know the change three years had made,
For often busy fancy had pourtrayed—
What time, or chance, or his long absence wrought
In Julia's mind, all else to him was nought.

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XXVII.

And yet a pang shot through his friendly heart,
When he reflected, that he now must part
With those whom he in friendship long had lived,
And oft their act of kindness had received—
And when the moment came, his hand he gave
To each respected friend—the gay, the brave ;
The rising tear that could not be suppressed,
The grief that struggled in each manly breast—
The kind embrace, and faltering accents proved
With what sincerity he was beloved.

XXVIII.

At length was sighed the sorrowing word *farewell* !
Which pierced each feeling heart like funeral knell ;
And when this serious parting scene was o'er,
He sought each individual of his corps—
The men, the women, e'en each sportive child
That left the tents, to ramble through the wild—
He called around him, ere he left the place,
And bade adieu to each familiar face.

XXIX.

Then Portland's rocky portage hurried o'er,
To seek a passage from the river shore—

With joy he hailed the waters of Saint John,
 Keeping their steady course, in silence on,
 Till rugged rocks impede their quiet course,
 They then betray, in language loud and hoarse—
 A furious rage, for interrupted peace,
 Incessant is their roar, nor do they cease
 Till ocean's flood, the noisy Falls oppose,
 And bids the angry waters find repose.

XXX.

The tide was up, when Frederick reached the shore
 Where stood the *Indian House*, now seen no more;
 And there a well-known object met his view,
 An Indian sannup, in a bark canoe—
 His wild and artless music chaunting o'er,
 Perchance a hymn of praise, or savage lore—
 Or of some warlike chieftain's deeds he sang,
 Till Frederick's shout around the welkin rang.
 The Indian ceased—a bargain soon was made,
 And Frederick up the river was conveyed.

XXXI.

'Twas ere the sun arose, at early dawn,
 Young Frederick hastened o'er a woody lawn—
 Where peeped a mansion from a grove of trees,
 Whose leaves were rustling with the morning breeze.

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A curling smoke rose circling in the air,
The inmates busy, with their daily care—
Unheeded his approach;—the rural scene
Was one of quiet life, an air serene
Hung o'er the softened, mellow landscape bright,
Where all was mild and peaceful to the sight.

XXXII.

'Twas his paternal home that thus appeared,
With joy his bosom throbb'd, and yet he feared
Some melancholy tidings he might learn,
To check the transports of his glad return;
Still was his ardent breast with hope elate,
With palpitating heart he reached the gate.
The house-dog heard his footsteps from the hall,
And loudly barked, to warn the inmates all
That some intruder at that early hour,
Approached the house, and lingered at the door.

XXXIII.

And soon was heard his father's well-known voice
"Cease, cease," he said, "old Watch, why all
this noise?"

Op'ning the door, he smiled, and cried "walk in,
"This faithful dog has raised a needless din—

"But heed him not—come in, you have no cause
 "To hesitate, young man, why do you pause?"
 But Frederick's bosom swell'd—he paused awhile,
 Then asked his father, with a pleasant smile,
 "If all were well?"—his father turn'd, and gaz'd
 Upon his face, then said "now God be praised—
 "Thou art my son, and have I lived to see
 "You home once more, from war's dread perils free?
 "'Tis strange indeed I should not know thy face,
 "My sight, alas, is failing me apace"—
 "I knew your voice at once,"—your mother call,
 She heard the shout, and hastened to the hall.

XXXIV.

Quicker than thought he in her arms was pressed,
 She wept for joy, and clasped him to her breast—
 "My son," she cried, "are you again returned?
 "How has your mother's anxious bosom yearned
 "To see this day, to hear your much-loved voice!
 "To hold thee thus, how does my heart rejoice!
 "O speak again, and let your parents hear
 "Those well-known accents now so doubly dear.

XXXV.

"Mother," he cried, "our mutual joy is great,
 "'Twas joy that made me linger at the gate—

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"And yet with this was mixed a secret dread,
 "My dreams of home are dreary, wild, and sad—
 "Julia's neglect in writing pained my heart,
 "Caprice it seemed, or was it girlish art
 "To try my constancy?—but why those tears?
 "Be brief, dear mother, and relieve my fears."
 "Be firm," she answered, "while I now relate
 "The sad catastrophe—dear Julia's fate.
 "From you I have withheld, from motives kind,
 "I knew despair would seize your ardent mind—
 "Unfitting you, for arduous duty there,
 "Far from your home, and my maternal care."

XXXVI.

"Forgive me Frederick, you too soon will learn
 "Your disappointment, Julia to that bourne
 "From whence no traveller doth e'er return,
 "Long since has gone, yet what her fate has been
 "Is still unknown—no eye hath ever seen
 "The smallest vestige, to elicit where
 "She breathed her last—no doubt in wild despair.
 "The forest inch by inch was searched,—the horn
 "Was echoed through the woods, from night till
 morn :
 "Yet all in vain :—three tedious years had passed,
 "And still her wand'rings have not yet been traced.

"A strange, mysterious fate, hath Julia's been,
 "And God alone, can now withdraw the screen
 "That hangs between us and the hapless maid :
 "The morn you left, she thro' the forest strayed
 "To weep unseen ; at least, so we surmise,
 "And yet perchance it hath been otherwise.

XXXVII.

"Oh God," he cried, "is then my Julia dead ?
 "Why do I live, when all my joys are fled ?"
 "A gleam of hope still lingers at my heart,
 "To you alone, my son, I this impart—
 "That Julia still survives, your mind misgives,
 "I see you too, have hope that Julia lives."
 "No, dearest mother," Fred'rick cried, "I see
 "Your kind endeavours to enliven me ;
 "Your hopes are groundless, Julia is no more,
 "And all my promised bliss, alas, is o'er."
 Wildly he gazed, and smote his manly brow,
 With agony intense, his reason now
 Seemed reeling from its throne, till tears relieved
 His bursting heart, by faithless hope deceived.

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The frowns of fate I've sung,—permit me now
To sing her smiles, e'er blended with deceit—
Inconstant ever on her changeful brow,
Still are they witching, still surpassing sweet.

Her frowns appal the heart, though oft we find
That calm reflection follows in their train :
Thus are they cruel only to be kind,
And teach us wisdom while they give us pain.

But when Injustice lifts her hated form—
Calls forth Hypocrisy, or tempts with gold—
Then Truth unveils, makes bare her beauteous arm,
And drives the fiendish monster from her hold.

That black injustice finds no footing here,
In thee, New-Brunswick, gladly would I sing—
But let me whisper softly in your ear—
She's here in very deed—I've felt her sting.

But proud Integrity, unshaken, rose
Superior to her vile opponent's aim—
Firm to her purpose, nought could discompose
Her strength of mind, or sully her fair fame.

She smiled in scorn, while she with high disdain
Withdrew the sting, and scanned it through and
through—

And found 'twas made of *meanness, love of gain,*
The lack of sense, and want of feeling too.

Hence, vile injustice, hence ! nor dare to shew
Thy hideous face ;—think you that I forget ?
No ! while I live, thou base, thou fellest foe,
Will I remember thee, with deepest hate.

And all the fiends, that rallied round thy den,
I'll bear in mind, the greater and the small—
While mem'ry holds a seat in my poor brain,
Will I *despise*, will I *detest ye all* ?

But thanks to God, within the present year,
Thy sons, New-Brunswick, have enlightened
grown—

Oppression they now see, with vision clear,
And through the Press they dare to make it
known.

Thine *age of darkness* they have struggled through,
Oh may the Giver of all good, impress

A sense of virtue on their mind anew,
And grant them prudence, wisdom, and success.

To Frederick I must now devote an hour,
And strive to soften or remove the pain
Which nearly hath deprived him of the power
Of reason, sole director of the brain.

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FIFTH CANTO.

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FIFTH CANTO.

I.

THE day passed off, but ere the evening closed,
His mind became more tranquil, more composed ;
And he walked forth at twilight's serious hour
To seek his Julia's parents and her bower—
Where oft in converse sweet, the time had flown,
With her he fondly thought to call his own ;
And still in fancy, he beheld her there,
Braiding a wreath, to deck her auburn hair.

II.

The morn he left, she playfully essayed
To hide her grief, a crown of violets made—
Then on his brow she placed the garland fair,
While oft she turned to wipe the falling tear—

“ By proxy, I thus crown your youthful head,
 “ You go to earn this wreath,” she smiling said—
 “ Yet fame will fade, as will those violets blue,
 “ And pass away, e’en like the morning dew.”

III.

Prophetic words,—my fame—distracted thought,
 Death to my dearest hopes alone hath brought ;
 Stung with regret, he slowly reached the hill,
 And viewed the cottage, with a painful thrill—
 That once contained his Julia—there it stood
 Sweetly embowered, beside a sheltering wood.

IV.

And there the garden, there the rustic bower
 Where she so oft had twined the fairest flower ;
 The shaded walk, that led to rural seats,
 And formed in summer, pleasing cool retreats—
 Were now with envious weeds and grass grown o’er,
 And told the tale, that Julia was no more ;
 There all was silent, save the rustling leaf,
 The bower and garden bore the marks of grief.

V.

Then turning quickly from the mournful spot,
 Where all seemed desolated and forgot—

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A shout of fury from the cottage came,
He indistinctly heard his Julia's name;
With hurried strides he gained the cottage door,
Where he full many an eve had been before—
And found the household, had assembled all
Around an Indian, in the cottage hall—
Who had, it seemed, exchanged a book for bread,
And by this act, had happily betrayed
The art and treachery of his savage race,
A sullen gloom spread o'er his tawny face—
When he now found the volume was well known,
With hellish rage, he swore it was his own;
That he had found it on the Tobique shore,
That he had owned it twenty years or more.

VI.

His words were vain—'my child, my child survives,'
Resounded through the hall, "My Julia lives,"
'Twas Julia's mother—she the book had caught,
Had scanned its pages, with glad tidings fraught;
With weeping eyes and agitated frame,
She found of recent date, her daughter's name:
Each margin there contained her daily grief,
In tears alone, had Julia sought relief—
There filial love breathed forth on ev'ry page,
And then would Frederick her sad mind engage;

His name was writ with nice peculiar care,
And mutual love was often mentioned there.

VII.

That Julia lived, no further doubt remained,
Yet where she lived, was still to be explained—
The minutes in her book had this revealed,
That she in some lone forest was conceal'd—
Where no voice was heard in the dark recess,
Save the moaning voice of the wilderness.
The wrathful savage in the hall could tell,
He knew the darkest, wildest places well—
Each tree throughout the forest, far and nigh,
Had grown familiar to his searching eye.

VIII.

With kindest words, the Indian was implored
To tell, why Julia had not been restored?
To seize the book, he forward fiercely sprang,
With hideous, savage whoop, the cottage rang—
His rage increased, for no one there he feared,
But fortunately Frederick then appeared:
A scream of joy announced his welcome there,
Kind Heaven in mercy surely sent you here—
To save us from this savage wretch, they cried,
Though we to soothe him, every art have tried.

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IX.

Know you the trial we have undergone,
Asked Julia's parents in a sorrowing tone :
Within this hour, we deemed our much-loved child
Had met a fearful death in yonder wild ;
'Twere useless now, to paint our hapless state,
The world around seemed drear and desolate—
Till this man came, and offered to exchange
A book for bread—the barter was so strange,
That we were curious to behold the book,
Which soon he from his greasy mantle took—
When lo, to our amazement, 'twas the gift
Yourself presented Julia, ere you left.

X.

A dawn of hope this incident revived
That haply our lamented child still lived—
Nor deem it mere allusion of the brain,
If we now hope to see our child again.
Peruse this writing, then will you believe
That hope oft faithless, does not now deceive ;
A difficulty yet attends her fate,
Would but this Indian be less obstinate ;
Entreat him, dearest friend, to point the road
That leads to Julia's comfortless abode.

XI.

This wretch ? asked Frederick, him I'll not intreat ;
And laid the sannup prostrate at his feet ;
Confess, cried he, or your accursed soul
Shall hence go howling—speak—confess the whole.
Or, by that power which rules, your loathsome race
I'll scourge from off the earth : say, in what place,
Is kept concealed, by your unhallowed tribe,
The suffering Julia, quick the place describe ;
Provoke me not, or ere the hour hath passed,
Here by my hand you will have breathed your last.
The sannup now of Frederick felt afraid ;
He feared the solemn promise he had made—
And loudly then exclaimed in wild surprize,
Oh spare my life, and I without disguise—
Will tell you all that book has left untold,
I ign'rant was, that books could thus unfold
The secret thoughts, and secret deeds relate
Of Indian men, whom you abominate.

XII.

That book speaks truth ; the maiden's deep distress
I oft have witnessed in the wilderness ;
Alone she wanders by the water's side,
Or through the woods she pensively will glide.

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Her sole companion, was her little book,
With which, she oft has sat beside a brook
That winds along, and murmurs through a glade
Where balm of Gilead yields a pleasing shade.

XIII.

In early spring, around that brook is seen
Wild adder-tongue, with leaf of mottled green—
Where too are seen, long ere the drifts of snow
Have melted off the mountain's rugged brow—
The scented violets white, which sweetly peep,
While other flow'rs in their embryo sleep.
When winds were hushed, or when a balmy breeze
Just moved the foliage of the forest trees:
To that sweet spot, the maid will oft repair,
And well I know what sends her weeping there.

XIV.

Old Otwin's son, a handsome well-form'd youth,
Though proud withal, for I now speak the truth—
Has fixed his heart, as all his actions prove,
On that fair maid, and seeks a mutual love;
But she avoids him, and prefers the wilds,
To his superior skill and haughty smiles.
We laugh in secret at his foolish pride,
Though none dare, in his presence, e'er deride

His matchless art, his quick unerring aim,
 By which he gains with ease the choicest game;
 Conscious of this, he looks for our applause,
 Yet scorns to wed the loveliest of our squaws.
 He thinks forsooth, to spend an easy life,
 And have that English maiden for his wife.

XV.

With horror, Julia's mother heard this strain,
 Her daughter now seemed lost to her again—
 Madness was in the thought, she gasped for breath,
 To have her thus beset 'twere worse than death.
 "Perchance ere this, my Julia has been driven
 "To wed that savage; oh, forbid it, Heaven!
 "Rather than this, her death I e'en would crave,
 "And end my life, in weeping o'er her grave."

XVI.

Thus did she rave, at length the sannup smil'd,
 As if in scorn, then said in accents mild—
 "If you from dire suspense would wish relief,
 Then rise superior to such childish grief;
 A woman's tears avail but little, when
 Th' occasion needs the fortitude of men
 And strength of mind—most women are too weak
 To form opinion, or in council speak;

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'Twere better for your daughter's future fate
If you would give o'er weeping at this rate—
And save, ere she by wedlock is ensnared,
The day is fixed, the wedding-dress prepared;
The game is caught in order for the feast,
And they now wait the sanction of the Priest:
Certain I am, that ere a week has pass'd
Your child will be to you, forever lost."

XVII.

The Indian then to Frederick turn'd and said
" I dare not in this business lend my aid,
" Further than to describe the forest, where
" Yourself can find the object of your care.
" So if the blue eyed maiden you would seek,
" Then trace this river, till you reach Tobique,
" A turgid stream, that speeds its limpid wave,
" In which the moose in summer loves to lave;
" The shoreless narrows of that stream pass through,
" And onward speed your buoyant bark canoe.
" A grove of dark red pine will be your guide,
" To find the Wabskahagen's coloured tide;
" The pines around it are the deepest green,
" The earth the deepest red, that e'er was seen.

XVIII.

" There when the autumn's sun but dimly shines,
 " We build our wigwams, 'mid the lofty pines,
 " Which shield us from the fury of the storm,
 " And lend a shade in summer when 'tis warm—
 " A long frequented, favorite resort,
 " 'Tis there we meet, to share our winter's sport :
 " When spring returns, a different route each takes,
 " Some hunt the woods, while others hunt the lakes;
 " Yet Otwin there, throughout the year abides,
 " While his athletic son for him provides.
 " 'Tis there the maiden dwells—then haste away,
 " I can no more, nor must I longer stay."

XIX.

No stimulative pow'r did Frederick need,
 He left the cottage with an eagle's speed—
 Called on his youthful friends, and asked their aid,
 A party formed, and preparations made—
 Canoes were mustered, none inactive stood,
 For soon the news spread thro' the neighborhood ;
 Then neighbours gathered round the cottage door,
 To hear the tale repeated o'er and o'er.
 Congratulations flowed from ev'ry tongue,
 The news was hailed with joy by old and young.

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For Julia was belov'd by all who knew
How cheerful was her heart, how kind, how true,
The sweetness of her smiles won every heart,
So unsuspecting, so devoid of art,
Ere they had found, or e'en had time to find,
How truly they portray'd her guiltless mind.

XX.

Frederick, in haste, now to his parents ran,
To give them information of his plan :
Then on the alert, away again he hied
To join his party, at the water side.
Each youth had joined the enterprize with glee,
They launched their barks, and pushed on cheerily ;
Both night and day they journey'd hard and fast,
Nor stopped, except to take a slight repast—
Till wearied out, at length they all agreed
To rest one night, from their severe fatigue.

XXI.

No human habitation near them rose,
Where they might find refreshment or repose—
The pointed rocks, round which the whirlpools
swept,
The rush of water, as o'er rocks it leaped—

The rugged bank, where trees projected o'er,
 With limbs gigantic, on the shelving shore—
 No promise gave of shelter or of rest,—
 To find some smoother beach they onward pressed.

XXII.

Just then they saw, and welcomed with delight,
 Far in a woody cove, a blazing light;
 To it they drew, to gain an evening fire,
 'Twere all, in present haste, they could desire;
 There near the river's brink, on humid sand
 Which flits not with the breeze—a shining strand—
 Where the light pencil's touch, left impress deep,
 Where the device, for days or weeks would keep.
 There sat *Jerome*, whose grizzled locks were bare,
 The wild wind sporting through his matted hair—
 There was the lonely wretch, with pencil rude,
 Drawing a sketch, in this his solitude—
 Upon the moistened sand, of creeks and swamps,
 And beaver ponds—far from the Indians' camp.

XXII.

An isolated being was *Jerome*,
 Shunned by his race,—nor camp had he, nor home;
 A mark'd man long had been, and kept aloof
 From his red brethren's taunting, keen reproof—

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A lonely wand'rer, from his tribe expelled,
For he, in youth, a beauteous wife had killed;
His evening fire was formed in circle round,
Within to sit was wisdom most profound—
To parry off with fire his murdered wife,
'Twas by this plan he thought he saved his life.
Near by the magic ring he sat alone,
Like maniac, on a visionary throne—
Issuing his mandates, blending sense with whim,
Wise without reason, thus it was with him.

XXIV.

Intent upon his sketch, he heard no sound,
Though Frederick and his party walked around—
And watched the aged sannup, while he drew
The plan of hunting grounds he had in view;
With uncouth gestures, he then pointed round,
Mimicked the moose chase o'er the hunting ground.
In full pursuit, his speed increasing still,
Through brake, through trees, and o'er the high-
est hill—

Fast gaining on the chase, he sped away,
Until he brought the stately moose to bay
But just when in the act of taking sight,
They loudly called to him, and with the fright

He sprang his length, and gave a fearful yell,
And forward rushed, to gain the magic spell;
Then leaping in the circle, trembling stood,
And wildly gazed upon the darksome wood.

XXV.

The trav'lers then assembled round the ring,
Where stood Jerome, appall'd and trembling—
But when he saw that they were living men,
Jerome, like *Richard*, was himself again;
They asked him, why the ring of fire was formed,
And why their voices had him so alarmed?
He answered briefly, while the fitful blaze
Played on his pallid cheek, in flick'ring rays:
I am a Murderer!!! and my victim's shade
Disturbs me nightly, with a serenade;
But for this fire, the spectre of my wife
Would in the hours of darkness take my life.
Last night it came, and I, in wild dismay,
My fusee fired, which drove the ghost away;
Her frightful shrieks still ringing in my ears,
Then do you wonder at my present fears.

XXVI.

For my protection, I had duly made
The blazing circle, which is here displayed;

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I then delineated with much skill,
My customary draught of dale and hill;
When I design to shoot the bright eyed moose,
While they are browsing in their loved recluse:
Wrapp'd in the contemplation of the chase,
I had forgot my usual resting place—
When I your voices heard, I shrunk aghast,
Fully assured the phantom had at last
Out-gen'rall'd me, in watching for the night,
Had pounced on me, while outside of the light :
Fire is at night my safeguard from the ghost,
And ne'er again will I desert my post.

XXVII.

In ev'ry gale that sweeps the mountain's brow,
Or steals more softly o'er the vales below—
Or murmurs up the glen, or dark ravine,
I hear the wail of *Mary Maddeline* ,
Oft times her shade flits round my evening blaze,
Then vanishes in air, and mocks my gaze :
Yet ere she leaves, I hear her piercing cries,
Which banish peace; and sleep forsakes mine eyes—
My bosom throbs, cold sweat bedews my frame :
Such are the nights I spend, each night the same ;
I watch till day is dawning in the east,
'Tis then I sleep, yet cries disturb my rest—

My slumbers are unquiet, in my dreams
My Maddeline still haunts me with her screams.

XXVIII.

Methought one morn, this Autumn, while I slept,
She sat beside me, in the dark, and wept;
The wound I gave her seemed to bleed afresh,
I saw the blood from her pale temples gush—
She feebly pointed to the wound, and said
See where you sunk the hatchet in my head;
For this dark deed, a fiat has been given,
To blot your name from the blest book of Heaven—
Your soul shall suffer in eternal gloom,
And think not, Murderer! to escape your doom.
In horror I awoke, the sentence seem'd
So real, that I scarce believed I dreamed.

XXIX.

Jerome while speaking, slowly turned his eye,
And fixed his gaze upon the star-lit sky—
But started, when the bushes round him wav'd,
In the damp air of night, and then he crav'd
Frederick and his companions, to pass through
The "*fiery ordeal*," where he stood in view:
Just then an ev'ning breeze began to rise,
Which hurled the smoke and cinders in his eyes—

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Sometimes so dense, as to obscure the sight,
 Then cleared again, and brought his form to light;
 Yet there he staid, tho' flames around him whirled,
 Nor would he venture from them for the world.
 Oh, superstition, born of guilt—the ban
 Of ign'rance dark, and conscience-stricken man;
 Tenaciously adhered to—judgment fails
 Whene'er benighted bigotry prevails.

XXX.

Frederick to sleep, within the ring declined,
 'Twas not congenial to his guiltless mind;
 Wrapped in his cloak, he with his friends soon found
 A place of rest, and sank in sleep profound.
 Jerome, as usual, kept his watch through night,
 Nor dared to close his eyes till dawning light:
 While they refreshed with sleep, ere it was day,
 Had left Jerome, to conscience still a prey.

XXXI.

Through rapids, where the river rushed with force,
 They steadily pursued their wonted course:
 Though oft the current staid their light canoes,
 And surged with frightful power against their bows;
 There 'mid the rush of waters would they cheer,
 Though they each other's voices scarce could hear:

To keep their balance, firmly braced their feet,
And by mere strength of arm moved on their fleet—
Till they had passed each brawling dangerous place,
And o'er smooth water glided on apace.
Thus on they journeyed, till they reached Tobique,
Where stood the Indian village near the creek.

XXXII.

Then up the Tobique turned, without delay,
And thro' the shoreless narrows forced their way ;
Tremendous cliffs rose high on either side,
And cast their shadows o'er the sweeping tide.
Fast ran the stream with which they had to cope,
Yet they progressed, led on by cheering hope—
And when the Wabskahagen stream they gained,
Where solitude in solemn silence reigned—
In stern repose and of the deepest green,
The pines unruffled by a breeze were seen ;
No warbler of the wild was heard along
The bank, where laved the rapids smooth and strong :
A fragrance filled the air, both sweet and mild,
Well known to those who range the scented wild.
Here nature seemed at rest—where Autumn's dye
Had tinged the leaves, as if to please the eye ;
The moose-wood red, and gold and crimsoned o'er,
Were the ground-maple bushes long the shore—

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These, where the rapids, were by eddies staid,
Hung o'er the bank in gayest tints arrayed ;
As if ambitious to behold their dress,
Which the still coves reflected more or less :
So calm, so soothing to the mind the scene,
That all confess its charms, who here have been.
The youthful party, felt its influence sweet
Cling round their hearts, which high with friend-
ship beat—

No sounds were heard, save when the rippling tide
Repelled the bark, each youth there well could guide;
With graceful skill, they steer'd the light canoe,
That seemed to cut the dancing bubbles through—
Awhile the voyagers paused, and list to hear
If aught that breathed of life would meet the ear :
But save the noise of rapids, where they rushed
In this remote dark grove, all sounds were hushed.

XXXIII.

But when they came, where Indian wigwams ranged
Along the water side, the scene was changed :
Light-hearted mirth around the welkin rang,
To seize the ball, the young papposes sprang—
While some with bows and arrows stood in groups,
To laud the ballot players with wild whoops.

Till Frederick and his friends approached the shore,
 They then their noisy shouts and play gave o'er—
 To watch the motions of the stranger gang,
 Nor deemed politic, the loud harangue.
 As Frederick landed with his brave escort,
 The children stared, or ran to make report—
 While some more brave, thro' age or Indian art,
 Shewed unconcern, and merely stood apart.

XXXIV.

When Frederick saw the camps beside the creek,
 The color heightened in his glowing cheek—
 He leaped on shore, and cried, my friends be brave,
 Hastetothe camp where those proud banners wave—
 Rush on, and take the village by surprise,
 Give the wild savages no time to rise :
 Swift as an arrow from the bow, he sped,
 His faithful friends fast followed where he led :
 They dashed aside the blanket door, and saw
 A sight that for a moment gave them awe—
 A crowd immense, in scarlet cloth arrayed,
 Of stately sannups, of the highest grade—
 Around a Priest, in sacerdotal vest,
 Who with much pomp, the eager crowd repress'd :
 With rev'rence they drew back; the Priest then cried,
 "Lead forward, Francis, your intended bride !"

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XXXV.

A tall, majestic youth, then proudly moved,
That he was Francis, his rich costume proved;
His noble bearing, as he passed along,
Seemed to demand the homage of the throng—
And as he passed, the crowd made way, yet he
Acknowledged not, nor marked their courtesy.
Soon he returned, and trembling by his side,
Came forth the pale, and scarcely breathing bride:
Her dress was elegant, with studied care,
Had been arranged in tasteful order there
The beads, the ribbons, and the brooches bright,
The silver bracelets, dazzling to the sight—
The beaded cap, the band of wampum grey,
Wrought by old Agnes, for the bridal day.
'Twas *Julia*, whose emotions, were too deep
For idle tears, nor power had she to weep.

XXXVI.

The Priest observed her sad, yet graceful mien,
And asked her name—this question changed the
scene:

Oh, Heaven! when Frederick heard the brief de-
He had no longer patience at command; [mand,
His soul grew haughty, and his flashing eye
Expressed disdain, and stern authority:

He forward sprang, and cried, "ask me her name,
 "To save my love, or die, I hither came—
 "She's mine, nor shall the powers of earth or hell
 "Deprive me of my Julia, mark me well:
 "Betrothed we long have been, our hearts are one,
 "She's mine by solemn vows, and mine alone."
 When Julia heard his voice, her senses fled—
 She spoke not, moved not, yet her drooping head
 Now leaned upon the breast of him she loved,
 That he spoke truth, her recognition proved.

XXXVII.

No human heart could greater torture feel,
 Than did the heart of Francis, nor conceal
 Its pangs, with such composure as he feigned,
 To own his disappointment he disdained:
 Yet at this crisis, his sensations were
 Love, jealousy, revenge, and keen despair—
 Transfixed he stood, his quiv'ring lip, his eye
 Alone expressed his mental agony;
 Apparently with greatest unconcern,
 He stood to hear the Priest, from Frederick learn
 How the lost girl had been secreted here,
 As if 'twas nought to him, how she came there;
 If o'er his passions he had strong control,
 Still fell revenge was rankling in his soul;

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And from the Priest had Frederick stood apart,
The knife of Francis would have pierced his heart.

XXXVIII.

The Priest then spoke, and turned a threat'ning eye
On Francis, and each sannup that stood by—
“How dare you hazard thus on me your fraud,
“And think to cheat the Minister of God—
“I feel my sacred character defiled,
“That I through savage art have been beguiled :
“Hence, from my sight ! vile wretches, from me,
“Or I'll your tribe anath'matize at once.” [hence !
Without demur, they one and all obeyed,
To tempt him further, they were sore afraid.
Julia reviv'd—a blush suffus'd her cheek,
As she on Frederick gaz'd, and heard him speak.
One look gave Francis ere he left the place,
One look of hopeless love, on Julia's face—
Then with a leap, he darted from their view,
To hide the sorrow which had pierced him thro'—
Far in the wilds, he rush'd from human eye,
Where long he wept, and rav'd distractedly.

XXXIX.

Sweet peace once more returned to Julia's heart,
Though she was still most anxious to depart ;

Her joy seem'd boundless, now the hour had come
 When she those wilds would leave for home, 'sweet
 home'—

Extatic thought—her dearest Frederick too,
 Whose heart was brave as generous, kind as true,
 Had proved his faith, had her sad fate redeem'd,
 Had brought her early friends, whom she esteem'd,
 To lead her home; could aught augment her bliss?
 Could Julia ask, or wish, for more than this?

XL.

She now her grateful sentiments express'd,
 And own'd her obligations to the Priest;
 She warmly thank'd him for his timely aid,
 And kind acknowledgments to Agnes made,
 Who, weeping, clung around her, and implor'd
 That she, tho' now to social life restor'd,
 Would still remember Agnes, nor forget
 The love of Francis, nor his deep regret:
 "Your book, sweet girl, somehow has been mislaid,
 "Or you should have it," Agnes sobbing said;
 She knew not John Sabattis had conceal'd
 The wish'd-for book, nor that he had reveal'd,
 Thro' cowardice, the plan they had in view;
 'Twas well for John that Agnes did not know,

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Else would his life have quickly paid the price,
Both for the theft, and giving his advice.

XLI.

Julia, by Agnes, now was urged to wear
The dress, on which she had bestowed such care,
Upon her nuptial day. Then Frederick said—
“Agnes, my Julia shall be thus arrayed—
“When that blest day shall come, if God allows,
“When shall be sealed our solemn marriage vows;
“And let it be your future boast and pride,
“That in your costume she became a bride—
“And rest assured, that I will yet reward
“Yourself and Otwin, for your kind regard :
“My Julia’s life you saved ; in doing this,
“You’ve crowned my fondest hopes with happiness.”

XLII.

Julia for Otwin asked,—but learnt that he
Feared to come forward, lest the Priest should see,
And neither did old Otwin shew his face,
Till well assured that he had left the place.
To Agnes then, she bade a warm adieu,
And lightly stepped into the bark canoe—
The buoyant bark receded from the shore,
And Julia’s dread of Indians was no more.

Delighted with success, the party laughed,
 And told the tale of Jerome and his draught—
 How he described with gravity absurd,
 The capers of a ghost both seen and heard—
 That with an unbecoming pertness came,
 And waltz'd with graceless steps around the flame;
 And how the wearied spectre came each night,
 To reconnoitre round his circling light:
 Tho' thus besieged, he still maintained his state,
 And nought could make Jerome capitulate.

XLIII.

Julia once more alive to hum'rous glee,
 Join'd in their sport, and laugh'd most heartily;
 Mirth to her heart a stranger long had been,
 But with returning joy came mirth again;
 The sun had set, and dusky night had veiled
 The scene in darkness, while they yet detailed
 Jerome's sad narrative—they still did speed,
 And to surrounding darkness gave no heed—
 By night undaunted, they went gaily on,
 Swift o'er the limpid waters of Saint John;
 Hard by Presque Isle, upon a bushy shore,
 Was seen Jerome, encircled as before:
 Amid the smoke he loomed, with aspect grave,
 Like a grey gull upon a rising wave;

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They hail'd him, but Jerome no answer made,
His fire renew'd, then round the ring surveyed;
The glowing light betrayed his fearful gaze,
They passed him by, encircled by the blaze.

XLIV.

At home once more, in her fond parents' arms,
Now view fair Julia, whose increasing charms
Enhanced her parents' joy, and as they viewed
Their beauteous child, with mental worth endowed—
Their bosoms swelled with gratitude to God,
Who had in mercy staid the chastening rod.
And now before the altar, see her stand
With modest grace, to give her willing hand
To her loved Frederick, whose dark eye revealed
His heart-felt bliss, and thus their vows were sealed.
Her bridal dress gave ev'ry eye delight,
So rich, so tasteful, such a novel sight:
For Julia in the dress old Agnes made,
By Frederick's soft persuasion was arrayed—
True to the promise he had made the squaw,
From which, with honor, he could not withdraw:
And ere a little month away had rolled,
Agnes was amply paid in weighty gold;
And oft she came and Otwin:—but their son,
Who proudly called blest liberty his own—

With haughtiness of soul, disdained to call,
 Or e'en to look towards the house at all—
 Where Frederick and his Julia dwelt in peace,
 For mutual love, with wealth, bids sorrow cease.

XLV.

Healthful and happy, they both live to see
 Their children's children, strolling sportively
 Thro' pastures green, where the dark forest stood,
 Where Julia once was lost amid the wood;
 Though much of her activity is o'er,
 She still delights to ramble as before—
 Her children's offspring prattling by her side,
 And oft entreating her to be their guide
 Where she once wandered, there to point the place,
 While they with eagerness, essay to trace
 The route she took—the swamps and brook she
 cross'd

That memorable morn, when she was lost;
 What once herself had been, they now appear,
 Their questions and inquiries charm her ear:
 Curious to learn, they frequently will ask
 Such questions, which to answer proves a task;
 And ask them o'er and o'er, with serious eye,
 Till told, God wraps all such in mystery—

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Then with a thoughtful look they turn away,
And lose their wonder in some childish play.

XLVI.

But ever well disposed to list the tale
Of Julia's walks o'er woody hill and dale,
Now cleared away, and fields of Indian corn,
With blade as fragrant as the blossomed thorn—
Of stately growth, with shining stalks, and sweet,
Standing in rows, straight, parallel, and neat—
The space, deep-shaded by the tasselled stalks,
Affords the farmer cool refreshing walks—
The thrifty ears with plumed tresses crowned,
The husk of fibrous web close wrapped around—
The cob, thick studded with full kernels bright,
Nutritious, healthsome; beaming with delight,
The eye surveys the corn, luxuriant, grand,
Clothing in beauty, rich, alluvial land;
'Mong the tall corn, the pompions bright are seen,
Of golden hue, or pale, or vivid green—
Shining beneath their broad rough leaves and vines,
Round which the tendril gracefully entwines—
Their yellow, gaudy blossom, broadly blown,
Holds through the season, till the frost comes on—
Seen side by side, the full-grown pompions oft,
These bell-shaped gilded cups of texture soft—

Appear, with emulation, to outshine
The riper charms of the far-spreading vine.

XLVII.

Where the thick grove of maple once was seen,
Where Julia in blithe girlhood oft had been—
Is now a meadow, where the lilies play,
And sweet boblinkins carol through the day—
And fields of wheat are seen along the vales,
Low-bending to warm summer's ripening gales:
Where she in early life for hours had played,
Had gathered floral sweets beneath the shade,
Of tall, umbrageous trees, now seen no more,
All felled, save drooping elms that fringe the shore,
Or where they've been preserved to shade the rills,
That murmur thro' the beauteous intervals;
There too, the butternut, is left to please
The eye and taste, and wanton in the breeze—
The pride of forest growth—which all confess
The choicest nut-tree of the wilderness:
Beneath whose spreading branches, flocks and herd,
Lull'd to repose, lie listless on the sward
Of velvet softness, or at leisure rove,
And breathe the gales that fan the 'laughing grove.'

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XLVIII.

The sylvan lake, where once the wild-fowl played,
Which Julia, ere she fainting fell, surveyed :
Now round its shore, white cottages abound,
Neat gardens, orchards, and rich tillage ground ;
A stream, which speeds its waters down a hill,
Feeds the clear lake, and turns a busy mill.

XLIX.

Thus Time, which changes all things more or less,
Hath changed the aspect of thy wilderness.
The various improvements, daily viewed
In all thy sections, speak thy future good,
Bespeak thine own resources great, and fame,
Some day, I trust, will yet adorn thy name :
Thy sons and daughters good, tho' far removed
From what the world calls great, because improved
By time and wealth, high rank where every art
That cultivates the mind, makes firm the heart—
Hath been bestowed. Yet *innate worth* is here,
Friendship, and charity, and hearts sincere—
That keenly feel the taunts of those who blend
Rude ign'rance with thy name, and still contend
That with respect to *mind* and *graces rare*,
We, *forest bred*, with them cannot compare ;

Unconscious all the while, how much we see
Their lack of knowledge, with regard to thee.

L.

See, by the river side, in vernal hue,
A lovely little vale meets the view ;
Each cottage there, embosom'd in a grove,
The wished-for seat of calm, domestic love.
There round the rural town, the prospect smiles,
Of hills and dales, of woods and beauteous isles ;
Sweet as the breath of spring, and softer still
The scene persuasive, seems to banish ill.
There represented Majesty resides,
O'er civil and o'er martial law presides—
There the Head-quarters of our troops are held,
Where many gay and gallant hearts have dwell'd ;
There, since a separate Province thou hast been,
Thy people's Representatives convene—
Where each petitioner's earnest prayer is heard :
Granted, if just—refused, if absurd.
There are enacted our Provincial laws,
Which justly claim the meed of our applause.
'Tis FREDERICTON, where those who early came,
Lost not by loyalty their well-earned fame—
Professional cares they had, for care is known
To all, save sleeping infancy alone ;

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A necessary evil, else would we
Grow vicious, losing all stability.
My Lay is o'er, permit me now to rest,
Thy welfare *ever* on my heart impressed;
A goodly landscape, pleasing to the eye,
The home of Virtue, and of Liberty—
Where health and competence go hand in hand,
Is thine NEW-BRUNSWICK—thine MY NATIVE
LAND.
